National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

FAREWELL SOIREE TO GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P.

[PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT BY J. M. W. YERRINTON, *For The Liberator.*]

As a token of the high regard entertained for himself personally and for his philanthropic labors on both sides of the Atlantic, a Farewell Soiree was given to GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., in view of his speedy embarkation for England, in the spacious Assembly Room, over the Boston and Worcester Railroad Depot, on Monday evening, June 16, 1851. The doors were thrown open at 7 o'clock, and every seat was soon occupied, more than a thousand plates having been set, and hundreds of persons applying in vain for tickets. Extra trains of cars enabled a large number of the friends of emancipation within a distance of forty miles to be present; and a more choice collection of tried and true spirits was never brought together in this Commonwealth.

At 8 o'clock, the distinguished guest of the evening, accompanied by the officers of the meeting, entered the hall, and was received with reiterated cheers and plaudits. EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., presided on the occasion, with Mr. Thompson on his right, and Mr. Garrison on his left; and on either side of these, Rodney French, Esq. of New Bedford, Hon. E. L. Keyes, C. L. Remond, Rev. Mr. Matthews, the Baptist missionary who was recently lynched in Kentucky, Dea. Timothy Gilbert, and Joseph Southwick, Esq. In other parts of the hall were Hon. Henry Wilson, late President of the Senate, Wendell Phillips and Francis Jackson, Esqs., Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. John Pierpont, Henry C. Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Chas. C. Burleigh, and a multitude of other widely known friends of liberty.

The following letters were received from Dr. Samuel G. Howe, Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, Samuel E. Sewall, Esq., and Mr. Frederick Douglass:

SOUTH BOSTON, June 11, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:

I very rarely attend evening meetings, and may not be able to be with you on the 16th.

I have never had the good fortune to hear Mr. Thompson speak, but, if I rightly understand the motives and end of his journey to this country, he should have the sympathy and the thanks of every good man.

It is a merited rebuke to that pharisaic self-esteem which makes us send missionaries to all lands, that a missionary of humanity comes to us to convert us from as atrocious a national sin as any that deforms heathendom. Yours truly,

S. G. HOWE.

Messrs. Phillips, Parker and Sewall.

SALEM, 14th June, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:

An unavoidable engagement elsewhere will prevent my coming to Boston on Monday evening; and, in acknowledging your invitation, I desire to assure you that I am not uninterested in the object of your meeting.

The course of Mr. Thompson, thoughout his public labors in Great Britain, has seemed to me to afford such striking proof of purity of motive and strength of principle, and has been marked by such important and extensive results, that I have not failed to recognize and honor him as a true philanthropist and a benefactor of his race. As an American, I thank him for his services and sacrifices in the cause of freedom in this country, while I deeply regret that such services and sacrifices should have been so much needed here; and I join with his many American friends in wishing him a happy return to his home, and increasing usefulness in the devotion of his eminent talents to the highest interests of humanity. Yours very respectfully,

S. C. PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, June 16, 1851.

DEAR SIR:

I regret very much that the state of my health must deprive me of the pleasure of being present at the parting meeting with George Thompson this evening. The disgraceful attempts which have been made by his enemies to prevent him from being heard, seem to make it desirable that his friends should express freely the admiration and gratitude with which they regard his efforts for down-trodden humanity among us.

So far from the American people having reason to be offended with Mr. Thompson for addressing them on the subject of Slavery, they ought to thank him for the powerful appeals which his eloquence has made to the conscience of the community. Every nation is likely to take a partial and prejudiced view of its own institutions, and can hardly fail to be instructed by learning how they strike foreigners, who have been brought up under different influences. If every Englishman who came here should express the abhorrence and loathing which he must feel for Slavery, with the same courage and force that Mr. Thompson has done, the institution would soon sink under the pressure of public opinion.

I wish our friend Thompson a pleasant voyage to his native land, and a speedy return to ours.

Yours, very truly, S. E. SEWALL.

ROCHESTER, June 7, 1851.

GENTLEMEN:

I am deeply sensible of the honor you have done me, by inviting me to join you, in the token of respect to George Thompson you propose to give in Boston, on the eve of his departure from the United States to his native land. To participate, how humbly soever, in such a demonstration, would afford me sincere pleasure. But I cannot be present, and I much regret that I cannot.

In common with all the sable sons of America, I owe George Thompson a mighty debt of gratitude, respect and love. His labors in behalf of my afflicted, enslaved and plundered people have been productive of good, to an extent which eternity alone can fully disclose. My heart grows warm at the mention of his name. That name is associated in my mind with the names of the noblest benefactors of suffering man. There were two courses plainly set before George Thompsom, when he landed on the shores of this republic, in the autum of 1850. He was a free man. He was not compelled to adopt any given course. There are men, many of them, who seem doomed, by virtue of their very organization, to a limited and contracted sphere of action. In them the ability to wish is present, but the ability to do is absent. George Thompson belongs not to this class. Long before he came to this country, his philanthrophy, zeal, industry, and splendid genius rendered him before the whole civilized world a light of surprising brightness—a gem greatly to be coveted—a prize worth securing.

Wealth, honor and ease invited him to their sumptuous entertainments, only asking as a condition that he should array himself in the smooth garments of worldly prudence. Had he complied, instead of being assailed, maligned, calumniated, mobbed and threatened with assassination, as he has been, he would have been welcomed, applauded, caressed, and hailed every where as a distinguished guest from one end of this Union to the other. His early Anti-Slavery sentiments would have been charitably forgiven—as those of Theobold Mathew and Daniel Webster have been—and his course might have been one series of brilliant demonstrations. But George Thompson had a heart—he saw the poor, weak, emaciated bondmen in chains—his heart was touched by the mournful wail; wealth, luxury and ease lost their glided charms; he turned his back upon the scorner and his face to the despised, and generously gave himself to toil. With the disinterested spirit of the Israelitish deliverer, he preferred to suffer affliction with the people of God, to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season.

Honor him who is an honor to humanity. He is a man of many millions. We do not often meet his like—a miracle of true courage—daunted by no danger—disheartened by no opposition—a moral hero, not less then an intellectual giant, whom all the reproaches of a mighty nation have been unable to silence or subdue.

God bless George Thompson! and methinks I hear from every slave dungeon in the land a responsive Amen.

I am, gentlemen, with many regrets that I cannot be with you,

Very truly yours,

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

To Messrs. S. E. Sewall, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, *Committee.*

Mr. QUINCY, on taking the Chair as presiding officer, opened the exercises by saying—Ladies and Gentlemen, when I had the honor of presiding, some four months since, on an occasion somewhat similar to this, I informed you that I had that 'greatness thrust upon me.' I may not say that of this occasion, for I am here in reluctant obedience to the powers that be. You are all too well read in the theology of the present day, not to know that obedience to the powers that be is the highest law; and therefore I shall not attempt to appeal to a higher law against the decision which has forced this duty upon me to-night. I shall only crave your indulgence, and all the assistance you can give me in the station which I am to occupy.

I suppose you have all come here to-night expecting good things. I dare say you will not go away empty. But the first thing in ordor is to attend to the good things of Mr. Smith, (the caterer.) For whatever good things may come *out* of the mouth of any gentleman present, we all know that there is no man better able to put good things *into* the mouths of others than he. He has laid, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements, several preliminary propositions on the table before you. I trust you will now take them up for consideration and discussion, after which you shall hear from me again (laughter and cheers).

Ample justice having been done to the entertainment spread before them, Mr. *Quincy* then addressed the assembly nearly as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—As I believe you have now disposed of the matters upon the table, I suppose it will now be the regular course to proceed to the Orders of the Day. I presume it is not necessary to tell you why you are here to-night. On this point you need no information from me, and no exhortation to accomplish the purpose for which you have assembled—to express your wishes for a good voyage, and a happy return to his family and friends, of my honorable friend on my right, (loud cheers)—the friend of us all, the friend of America, the friend of the slave, and the friend of the world (renewed applause). I think, my friends, those of you who were in attendance at Faneuil Hall the 15th day in November, in the year of grace 1850, will perceive some trifling contrast between that occasion and the present—between the welcome extended to our honored guest by Mayor Bigelow and Marshal Tukey, and the expression of friendship which is uttered and embodied this evening, in 'this sea of faces'—if we may be allowed, on such an occasion as this, to use without profanity the sacred language of the Godlike—to look upon such 'a sea of faces' as this, all smiling with pleasure, and radiant with satisfaction,—not indeed, at the departure of our friend from this country, but pleasure and satisfaction at the thought of the infinite good which he has done; pleasure and satisfaction that he consented again to come among us, after the treatment the country had once given him; pleasure and satisfaction that the objects of his mission have been so fully and gloriously accomplished; pleasure and satisfaction that the verdict of the country has repealed the sentence which Boston passed upon him, through the silence and cowardly inaction of her Mayor and Chief of Police (loud cheers). I think, my friends, this must be a very happy night for the whole country. We are certainly very happy in view of the circumstances under which we have assembled, in the presence of my honorable friend, in the recollections which cluster about him, and in the anticipation that we shall yet see him here again among us (enthusiastic cheering). We are certainly very happy. Well, all the rest of the community are very happy; for if we may believe them, the very thing which they desire is about to occur—the return of George Thompson to his native country. We have heard a great deal of sympathy expressed of late for the family of my honorable friend, bereaved by his absence; for that unhappy constituency of the Tower Hamlets, sitting in sackcloth and ashes, and refusing to be comforted because their representative is not there (great laughter and applause)—for the starving millions of England, who are stretching out their hands in vain for their tried friend. We have heard many excellent citizens, greatly exercised, exclaiming, 'When is Mr. Thompson going home? Isn't it time for him to go back' (peals of laughter and applause)? It seems to me, considering our national horror of foreign interference, that this is dabbling a little in the affairs of the mother country! Great Britain may be left destitute,—for she is deprived of one of her most eminent senators. But I do not know that this is any concern of ours. Our free and enlightened citizens, indeed, may be allowed to long for the departure of our honored guest; for he is a very dangerous man. This man has done what I venture to say no other man and no other body of men have ever done. You know we are a brave nation. You know we can whip all creation. You know we thoroughly flogged whole tribes of Indians and half-civilized Mexicans. You know we say we are not afraid of any body. And yet the whole country was aghast with horror at the advent of this friend of ours, all simple as he stands before you. Why, the whole press and the whole pulpit were transfixed with the idea of this terrific spectre coming amongst us. Now, what is there so very terrible about my excellent friend here? So far as I can judge from your faces here, you do not seem to feel in much danger of his laying violent hands upon you. Why, then, was the whole nation so amazed and terror-stricken when George Thompson approached these shores? As the Canada neared the city, the terror increased. As the plank was lowered, as he made his descent from the ship in which he had invaded our peaceable soil, one thrill of horror run through all this vast country—if we are to believe the papers; and I have heard my friend Putnam here say or sing, that everything is to be believed that is in the papers. Why was this? Why did the Genius of America, as she sat on the Rocky Mountains, feeding her symbol bird with human flesh, why did she tremble when she saw this enemy approach the country? and why did that most egregious fowl of hers shriek aloud and put forth all 'the terrors of his beak, and the lightnings of his eye,' at the apparition of this invader (loud cheers)? Did he rush down the plank upon this devoted land, as the young Emmet said he would have met an invasion of the French, 'with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other,' ready to slay, burn and devastate all before him? No, my friends, Mr. Garrison here can bear witness, that when this spoiler came down the plank on that mission of destruction, he carried nothing more terrible than a carpet-bag in one hand, and an umbrella in the other (laughter and cheers). Still there was good reason for the fear that was felt by corrupt politicians and prostituted priests, for those who fear for their livings which are shut up in pro-slavery churches or pro-slavery parties. There was reason for the terror that they felt, and that was because of the truth which he came to preach. It was the truth they feared, not the man. It was as Henry A. Wise said some twelve years ago, when he was asked by some Northern member of Congress why the Southern gentlemen were so much disturbed by the charges of the Abolitionists. 'Why,' said they, 'of what consequence is it what they say? It does not make it true because they say it.' 'Ah,' said Mr. Wise, (and I hope you will pardon the expletive, it is his language, and not mine), 'Ah, that is the very thing. It's *because* it is all so d——d true.' Now, that is the very reason why the American people were cast into such a furnace of affliction at the presence of George Thompson. It was therefore that the city of Boston gave him the welcome it did on the 15th of last November. But, though they might boast of a victory, it was only an apparent one. From that time to this, his course has been from conquering and to conquer. He has gone forth from victory to victory. He has been received with open arms by the people wherever he has been. Witness 'Worcester's laurente wreath.' Witness the welcome extended to him by the cordwainers of Lynn; by the descendants of the Pilgrims in Plymouth! In every place where his face has been seen and his voice has been heard, the ear that heard him has blest him, the eye that saw him has borne witness to him (cheers). It is true there was a trifling apparent exception to his uninterrupted success in Springfield, but that was only apparent, because he *was* heard there, and he uttered truths which have made the ears of Springfield to tingle from that day to this. He is here to-night to receive your congratulations, to receive your thanks for all that he has done for you, for the slave and for humanity, and to receive your kind wishes for his prosperity, his happy restoration to his home, and his speedy return to us (great cheering). I will give you, my friends, this simple sentiment, nothing doubting your response:—

'Health, long life and prosperity to George Thompson (loud and long cheers)! A safe voyage to the country of his nativity, and a speedy return to the country of his adoption' (deafening cheers)!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON came forward, and was received with reiterated plaudits. He then proceeded to address Mr. THOMPSON as follows:

In behalf of this large and brilliant assembly—of a host of ardent friends and advocates of universal emancipation, unavoidably absent on this occasion—I proffer to you, our honored guest, GEORGE THOMPSON, the strongest expressions of personal regard, and the warmest aspirations for your health and happiness.

On the eve of embarking for your native land, after a sojourn of more than eight months among us, it will prove equally gratifying and instructive to take a brief survey of the object and result of your visit to the United States, characterized as it has been by so many anomalous circumstances and remarkable events.

Your object has been one of disinterested and godlike philanthropy—to assist, by all righteous instrumentalities, in the extirpation of the most comprehensively cruel and detestable system of Slavery that ever defied the living God, or reduced man to the condition of a brute. In this, you have shown a regard for the honor, prosperity, perpetuity and glory of this Republic, deserving of its eternal gratitude, but of which an overwhelming majority of our native population seem to be utterly destitute. Instead of being inimical to our theory or form of government, or to the institutions which generally exist among us, you have constantly enforced the radical truths which are embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and fairly awarded to us all that justice and truth warrant. Your single purpose has been to exhibit the guilt of man claiming property in man; to open your mouth in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction; to vindicate the right of man to be free; and to assert the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of the Human Race. If you have arraigned the political parties of the country, or the government itself, or the leaders of the people, or the popular religion, it has been solely on the ground of their pro-slavery character and position. You have raised no other issue; and in no instance have you had any respect unto persons, or manifested any party or sectarian bias.

You came to us without invitation, moved by your own benevolent and noble impulses, on your own responsibility, at your own hazard, representing no organization or association at home or abroad, in the spirit of an apostle, with the fidelity of a prophet, with the courage of a martyr.

On your part, it was no untried experiment. A former visit,—never to be forgotten in the history of this slaveholding Republic,—fully revealed to you the terrible supremacy of the Slave Power over the whole extent of our national domains—the insults, outrages, perils, to which the uncompromising advocate of the slave must be subjected. You had 'counted the cost,' once and again. Instead of being received as a friend, you knew you would be treated as an enemy. All that a venal press and a time-serving pulpit could do to make you an object of detestation, you anticipated they would do. You came to us with your life in your hands; and it is by the help of God, not by the protection of men, that you continue to this day. An example of such moral heroism is of more service to the world than all the gold of California.

In a variety of aspects, your visit has been of immense service. It has served as a probe to test the comparative soundness or corruption of the body politic. It has proved that the guilt of this country is colossal, and equalled only by its cowardice. Your presence has terrified the nation far more than an invading army could have done, because

'Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all.'

Many have been your assailants behind your back, but no one has ventured to confront you, face to face. A Clay, a Cass, a Dickinson, have not deemed you unworthy of their notice, on the floor of the Senate chamber, and have done what they could, by their malicious attacks and their great influence, to cause your life to be forfeited, if you could not be driven from the country. Cowardice is ever the companion of ruffianism. Such conduct is a confession of guilt. You are but one; but then you represent that cause, in the service of which, 'one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.' You are but one, and yet twenty millions of people are disquieted because of your sojourn among them. It is not that you are the bravest, the strongest, or the most eloquent of men; they can match you in power of persuasion, power of argument, power of appeal in a good cause; but with the foul, inhuman, demoniacal system of Slavery to vindicate on principle, they can do nothing better than to call for the suppression of speech, and deny the right of investigation.

Your visit has been warranted by the missionary enterprise from the apostolic age to the present time. If it is right to assail idolatry in India, it cannot be wrong to denounce Slavery in America. If, by foreign interference, it is laudable to seek the supression of cannibalism in New Zealand; then, by foreign interference, similarly evinced, it is equally praiseworthy to seek the abolition of the traffic in human flesh in South Carolina or Georgia. The popular objection to your course, that you are a foreigner, and therefore have no right to meddle with any thing in this country, is alone sufficient to stamp with hypocrisy the religious professions of the people. Christ is the Universal Reformer. With him and his disciples, 'the field is the world.' In him 'there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither Barbarian nor Scythian, neither male nor female, neither bond nor free, but all are one.' It is His mission to overturn, and overturn, and overturn,—to put down all rule and authority,—and to break in pieces and consume all the kingdoms of the earth. Against him are still arrayed 'principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places.' You have vindicated the universality of Christianity, by asserting and maintaining your right, in the name of Christ, to arraign injustice and tyranny wherever they exist in the world. Whoever denies that right, or interferes with its freest exercise, is not a Christian. Whoever taunts another with being a foreigner, or seeks to render him odious on account of his foreign birth, is not a Christian. No Government has a right to claim exemption from foreign criticism; and none will claim such exemption, unless it be tainted with corruption or stained with blood. It is the natural perogative of every human being to circumnavigate the globe, and interrogate evil customs, wicked laws, despotic governments, a spurious religion, and denounce them in the name of God the Creator, Christ the Redeemer, and Man the Sufferer. It may be attended with odium, persecution, and all the terrors of martrydom; but it is a perogative none the less inherent and sacred. Take it away, and the redemption of the world becomes impracticable.—'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,' is still a Christian obligation,—not excepting the United States of America.

To show you that you are desirous that your own country should be rebuked for its injutsice, as well as the United States, I quote your own words, from a lecture delivered by you in Manchester, in 1841, in opposition to the Corn Laws:

'The people of America are fully justified in uttering their loud complaints against our present system They have just ground for accusation and recrimination. It is with peculiar appropriateness that our friend from America, wearing the complexion of millions who are in bondage, appears before us to-night, and tells us 'if we would emancipate the slave, abolish the corn laws.' I WELCOME THE REBUKES OF AMERICA. *If we have a free trade in nothing else let us have one in mutual and wholesome remonstrances.* I would that every packet that sets sail from the bay of Boston, or New York, or the mouth of the Mississippi, should bear over the billows *a solemn protest and a faithful rebuke, on the subject of our inconsistency and our guilt.* The monopolists of freedom in the slave States may well taunt us with being monopolists of food in our own country. When we cry, 'Abolish your Slavery,' they may well cry, 'Abolish your corn laws.' When we send them from Lancashire a Memorial praying for mercy to the slave, they may justly utter the voice of rebuke, and say, 'Base hypocrites, keep your remonstrance at home; your cotton smells of blood (loud cheers)!' Welcome then every voice, *every note of warning and recrimination.* I trust the time is coming when both systems shall fall; when liberty shall be proclaimed in America, and cheap food be the portion of our own starving children. Let the cause of food and freedom go together. From this time forth let the anti-corn law cause and the Anti-Slavery cause be indussoluby united (cheers). They are both founded in justice; alike, they have respect to the happiness and well-being of millions, and to the honor of the two great nations whose cying abuses they are intended to extirpate. I rejoiced when I heard Mr. Remond give his solmen pledge thus publicly, that he would discuss the question of Slavery in his own country, upon anti-corn law grounds. He returns, therefore, to the land of his birth as our missonary. Let him lift up his voice boldly, and it is no uninfluential one; and *let him tell his countrymen to give us no peace until we have swept away our own domestic abomination.* And let him tell his countrymen also, that they shall enjoy no rest until the abomination which maketh desolate the plains of the South is exterminated, and there breathes not a captive within the limits of their proud republic (loud cheers).'

Your visit has helped to redeem Christianity from the stains that have been cast upon it, in this country, by its treacherous professors. They have made it subservient to the most infamous purposes. They have taken its sacred mantle, and spread it over 'the abomination that maketh desolate.' You have exhibited it in its primitive purity, lovliness and grandeur, as utterly and enternally opposed to every form of oppression.

Your visit has given a new and powerful impulse to the Anti-Slavery movement, and thus has shortened the period of bondage for the millions who are waiting for deliverance. The knowledge of it has been carried to the remotest hamlets: it has shaken the nation. If it has excited afresh the fury of the oppressor, it has quickened the zeal of the advocate of the oppressed. If it has led, in a few instances, to disgraceful disturbances, it has almost uniformly been attended with brilliant omens and signal victories. Wherever you have had an opportunity to speak for yourself—to vindicate your right to be heard, and the glorious cause you have espoused—you have uniformly secured the esteem, respect, confidence and assent of your auditors. The base attempts of satanic presses to prevent your being listened to, have served as a powerful stimulant to public curiosity; and the more the people have been told to stay away from your meetings, the more they have resolved not to do so, but to hear impartially for themselves. The understandings you have enlightened, the hearts you have affected, the prejudices you have overcome, the obstacles you have surmounted, the triumphs you have won, constitute an aggregation of influences and results that cannot be measured.

Your visit and labors, though geographical and specific, have had a world-wide bearing. Slavery in this republic obscures its otherwise glorious characteristics, gives to despotism throughout the globe its most formidable weapon, obstructs the progress of freedom universally, strengthens every throne, and sanctions every act of governmental usurpation. The oppressed and starving millions in Europe have cause to bestow upon you their benediction for what you have done here, not less than the millions of chattel slaves at the South. Instead of forgetting their claims, you have never labored more effectually in their behalf. *They* will never accuse you of being indifferent to their deliverance. The accusation comes from those, and those only, who justify the enslavement of the colored population in America, and care nothing for the degradation of the laboring population of Europe, except as a matter of cant and hypocrisy. Such are ever ready to strain at a gnat, while they readily swallow 'a whole caravan of camels.'

We address you in the language of commendation, not as a matter of form or in the spirit of flattery, but because you have been 'among the faithless, faithful found.' Of the tens of thousands of your own countrymen who have come to these shores, either as visitors or residents, scarcely one in a thousand, whatever his Anti-Slavery pretensions at home, has failed to do homage to the all-prevailing Pro-Slavery sentiment of the land. You have been, here, every thing you claimed to be at home; you have said to our faces severer things than you have ever uttered behind our backs; you have despised all threats, rejected all overtures, trampled on all temptations, spurned all bribes. In this, it is true, you have only done your duty; but, contrasted with the cowardly, time-serving course of nearly all who come to us from the old world, your conduct is calculated to excite the joy of angels and the admiration of all the inflexibly good in the universe. And for such conduct is the award to be given in the day of final account—'Well done, good and faithful servant!'

On your return home, if you are asked whether the American Union will stand or fall in this conflict, answer, it is not for you to prophesy. If they ask you whether Slavery is destined to be abolished, answer, on the veracity of God, YES! By the undying wants and irresistible impulses of nature, YES! By the instincts and aspirations of the human soul, YES!

'The end will come—it will not wait—
Chains, yokes and scourges have their date;
Slavery itself shall pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday!'

Proclaim to the people of England, that as Slavery and Christianity were found incompatible together in the West India Islands, it is equally true in America that they are utterly irreconcilable; that as the missionaries were either banished from Jamaica or cast into prison, and their chapels torn down, so, in the slave States of America, every faithful witness for God against Slavery is subjected to the Lynch code and compelled to flee for his life; in the immediate presence of the Slave Power, no man can testify against it in the name of Christ, without risk of martyrdom.

Conjure, therefore, all Christian denominations, as one, in Great Britain, to renew and multiply their testimonies against our gigantic slave system; to declare that a church which sanctions or connives at the existence of chattel Slavery cannot be the church of Christ, but is apostate in spirit and practice; and to refuse to give the right hand of Christian fellowship to those who claim or justify property in man. Tell them this is the infidelity, all the infidelity of the American Abolitionists, and let them give their verdict accordingly.

And now, in giving you our farewell benediction, we cherish the hope that our separation is for a very brief season. Come to us again, in the spirit of peace and liberty, as the way shall be opened to you by the guidings of Providence. Long may your life be preserved, to be the terror of tyrants and the hope of the oppressed. The blessings of those who are perishing are resting upon your head; with these are mingled the best wishes and warmest aspirations of every true lover of liberty, whose motto is—

'Patient, firm and persevering—
God speed the right!
Ne'er th' event nor dangering fearing—
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in Heaven's own time succeeding—
God speed the right.'

Mr. GARRISON concluded his address amid loud cheering.

Mr. THOMPSON rose to reply, and was received with prolonged cheers. He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I shall have to quit as soon as possible the unworthy topic suggested by the address which has just been read, if I am to speak a few parting words to the friends who are now around me. They must be satisfied if I express, in one word, my deep, my earnest, my undying thanks for the mark of regard that is expressed toward me by the gathering together of this great assembly. I have never been equal to an occasion like the present. I cannot say that I ever desire to be so, for I fear that if the time should ever come when such a meeting as this shall inspirit me, I shall be less fit for labor in that cause, so dear to all your hearts, and for whose sake you are pleased to offer me this compliment.

My friends, I have been trying to remember the occasion on which I have ever said anything in this country that I ought not to have said, in order that I might, before I left this platform, express my sorrow for it, and make what atonement was in my power for the error into which I have been betrayed. I am not here to vindicate the style in which I have presumed to address the people of this country. Still less am I here to commend myself, or anything that I have addressed to the citizens of America. But I am here to declare that, on an impartial and even severe scrutiny into the language I have used, as far as that language has been intended to embody any principle or to impress upon the hearts of the people of this country any sentiment, I have nothing to regret and nothing to recall (cheers). That I might have done it better, I believe; that I have done as well as I could, I feel certain (cheers). After more than eight months sojourn amongst you, I am on the eve of returning to my native land. I leave with deep sorrow. But for ties and associations far away, I should not dream of leaving the shores of America (loud cheers) I love your country, and, with all their faults, I love the people of your country (cheers). There is no country in the world, and no people in the world, in whose destinies I take a greater interest; and I am sustained constantly by the belief and assurance, to my own mind, that if, in the very humblest character, I am permitted to do any good in this country and amongst this people, I am doing more for the world at large, than I could do on any other theatre of action. If I ever desire the faculty of foreseeing future events, it is when I try to penetrate the future of America. Could this curse of Slavery be removed—could this incubus be taken from you, which now seems to press upon you as upon an infant giant, paralyzing all your energies—then all imagination would fail in its efforts to assign a limit to your influence, your reputation, and your glory. And, sir, whatever may be said of me by those who know me not, or who wilfully misrepresent me, I do feel so strong a desire, for the sake not only of those who are in captivity in your midst, but for the sake of the coming generations that shall people this country until time shall be no more, that I would freely give myself, from this day forth and forever—braving any fate that might await me—if I might sow a single seed that, springing from my grave, might bear that fruit which would in time regenerate and bless your country (loud cheers). With your institution of Slavery separated from your Government, I have no quarrel with its principles or with its effects. I can walk through your land fearless of ever meeting a man in whose face I should be afraid to look, for I cannot meet the man that loves your country better than I do. I may meet those who have done more for it, labored more for it, and far more successfully, but I cannot meet the man who is more ready, at this moment, to make any sacrifice for the sake of America, than I am (cheers). And, sir, as I have passed through some of the States of this country, it has been the highest privilege of my life to be received, not with safety alone, nor with courtesy alone, but with confidence, and, not unfrequently, with affectionate regard, into the bosoms of your families. I have felt, as I have sat in the social circle and seen of what stuff Americans are made, I have felt that I would gladly die to transform all the sons and daughters of this land into such beings as those among whom it was then my privilege to be (great cheering.)

There is as good stuff outside of the Anti-Slavery phalanx as was ever brought into its ranks. I look upon the fierce opponent of to-day as the valiant compeer of to-morrow. I look upon tha Saul of to-day, dragging men and women to prison, as the Paul of to-morrow, asking humbly and prayerfully, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' (enthusiastic applause). I call God to witness, that while I do faithfully rebuke the individual, whoever he may be, who oppresses his brother man, my harshest language, my severest rebuke, is dictated by a desire that that man should know what he is, in what relation he stands to his fellow-man—a desire that he may learn from a stranger, if not from his countrymen, what manner of man he is (cheers). I have endeavored to turn the man inside out; and, in the majority of cases, it has not only been done to the perfect satisfaction of the spectators, but to the perfect satisfaction of the man himself (laughter and applause).

I have been richly rewarded for my visit to these shores, altogether apart from the Anti-Slavery cause. Do not imagine I am nothing but an abolitionist. I cannot conceive it possible that any man could travel through your country, feeling a greater interest in all that concerns you than I do. I came not here to mend my own fortunes; I do not covet any position that you have to bestow. I came here fearless of assaults, careless of opinions. I came here to study you. I came here to rejoice in your increase, to rejoice in your prosperity; to thank you and to bless you for opening your arms so widely as you do to receive my countrymen to a land where they have not to ask to live, but where they are permitted, under the protection of your laws, and often in the enjoyment of your civil rights, to till the soil, and realize the fruits of honest industry. And as I have gone through your land, as I have gazed upon your fertile valleys and your boundless resources, I have wished that I could speak before my own countrymen words that would induce them to quit a land where competition for labor has brought with it the most fearful evils, and come hither to this land of hope and promise, in every part of which, not cursed by Slavery, industry finds its reward, and honest men are neither compelled to beg their bread, nor stand idle in the market place all the day. May your prosperity increase! Long may the self-exiled children of Europe find a home and a country on these shores; and may no countryman of mine be ever less welcome, in consequence of any hostile feeling towards the stranger whom you have so warmly cherished (cheers).

Sir, during the eight months that I have been a sojourner on this continent, I have, owing to unforeseen circumstances, been a man of one idea. The topic of almost all my public addresses has been Slavery. If this has been a fault, it must be ascribed to the things around you. I will confess, that, as I viewed this country from the opposite shores of the Atlantic, I thought matters were more hopeful and encouraging than I found them, and that there would be less necessity for my going into the Anti-Slavery field. The theme of my discourses, as well as the duration of my visit, has been determined by the aspects of the times. The proceedings connected with my first attempt to speak in this city convinced me that I had to maintain the right of free speech. I have done so, and I have been successful (cheers). Wherever I have travelled, I have been heard. In every place I have been generously, nobly treated. From every audience I have addressed, I have received respectful attention, and, almost as uniformly, the most encouraging tokens of approbation. Of the kindness and affection with which I have been surrounded in the domestic circles into which I have been received, I cannot trust myself to speak. In every house I have been privileged to enter, I have been 'at home'—the sympathy has been perfect—I have felt that I was not only welcomed to the hearths, but to the hearts of the people. As far as I am concerned, I have nothing to remember in connection with my visit but kindness. When far away, my testimony will be, that there are not to be found in the world more hospitable or noble-minded beings than the Abolitionists of the United States. May God bless them!

The opposition I have met with in this country has been confined to the press. If I have been otherwise assailed, I have been assailed by those who gave me no opportunity of reply. In every place, my meetings have been open and free. I have not delivered a single Anti-Slavery address that might not have been answered on the spot. I have sought for a manly opponent as with a candle. I have been to towns and cities where, for weeks and months, I had been denounced as a liar, a libeller, a hireling, an ignoramus, a hypocrite, and whatever else is vile. Invariably, as my friends around me will bear witness, my practice has been to challenge my accuser to appear and take the platform. I have summoned the minister of religion, the defender of the Union, the ambitious politician, the champion of the Constitution, the devoted patriot—yes, all and sundry, to come forth and make good their charges, and maintain their own position; but in vain. Thus far, my assailants have avoided an open encounter; but should there be, in this good city, a lover of his country disposed to break a lance with me, I shall rejoice to afford him an opportunity during the few brief days that may intervene between this meeting and my departure (cheers).

Sir, the doctrine which I have proclaimed throughout this State—which I have preached, from Portland in the State of Maine, to Providence in Rhode Island—from thence to Canada, and from Toronto to Philadelphia, is this—that men are not lawful merchandize—that under no conceivable circumstances can one man rightfully have property in another man (tremendous cheering). I hold no parley with a man-thief; he is an atheistical monster, a demi-demon, a felon, towering in his guilt above all other criminals; an intellectual and reasoning brute; the enemy of his species, and the boldest traitor against the sovereignty of God (renewed cheers). Man the owner of man! A man possess a fee-simple in the soul of his equal! Preposterous blasphemy! My friends, we reason too much about this matter. The horrid lie must be smitten down, and hurled into the bottomless pit. Those who preach this lie, know it is a lie. The depraved hearts of men would have the lie believed, but there are not twenty men among the twenty millions of America, who believe that making beasts of men is a lawful occupation. A chattel man! Why, the very words contradict themselves. Write them, and the soul shudders at the lie. Coal proprietor, land proprietor, iron proprietor—these are intelligible words; but man proprietor! why, the very devil dared not touch Job until the Lord said, 'Behold, he is in thine hand, but save his life.' I am hated because I have deemed it my duty to denounce the *atheism-made-easy* of the American pulpit—because I have boldly branded the man, however high his dignity, who preaches the contrary doctrine, as a man who has blotted God from the universe, and laid a felon's hand upon a human soul. Keep your standard high, my friends! The slave is a MAN—

'Midway from nothing to the Deity.'

Drag the slaveholder to the bar of God; confront the caitiff with the all-seeing Jehovah, and the naked soul of his victim; and make him settle the question, not before Judge Sprague, with the United States Constitution in his hand, but before the Judge of quick and dead, with a bill of sale from the Almighty—if he can find one. Hold to the sound doctrine that a man is not a beast, and a slaveholder not a God; and then your position is impregnable, and your argument invincible; and you shall live amidst the harmonies of truth, and command all the elements of universal nature, and find an echo in every human heart, and sway, as by enchantment, the instincts, affections, intellects and consciences of men.

Sir, I have deduced from the doctrine I have now asserted, the duty and the right of immediate emancipation. If I am asked when I would have Slavery cease, I answer, Now! Had I the power, I would will its extinction before I could pronounce the words, 'Let the oppressed go free.' It is eternally safe and expedient to do right; but, Oh! the guilt and danger of practising the awful atheism of keeping God's immortal children among the beasts of the field. Everywhere, therefore, I have fearlessly declared the right of the slave to himself, and the duty of his master to relinquish his felonious grasp. Any compromise of these grand distinctive principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society would be fatal to the success of the movement. The great word of the Abolitionist, and of your entire organization, is to proclaim these truths, and to keep your cause as separate as possible from every movement of every kind that compromises, or consents to a compromise of, these vital, divine, and everlasting principles. Man can hold no property in man; therefore, let Slavery be immediately abolished. This is the religion, the politics, the moral ethics, and the political economy of the Abolitionist; and whenever his doctrines are triumphant throughout this land, a host of vexed questions will be laid at rest, and a union in righteousness biad together, in bands stronger than iron, the people of this great nation (loud cheers).

Sir while I have preached that men are men, through all the varieties of our common race, I have also preached that they are brothers, and that we owe the same duties to our colored brother as to our white one (cheers). I have rebuked, as a crime little less than Slavery, the distinction made between men on account of their complexion in this country. I have lost no opportunity of assailing that hideous confederacy, called the Colonization Society, which impiously brands the colored man as inferior, and impudently points him from these shores to Africa, as the land to which he must be expatriated. Sir, this prejudice is the creature of Slavery, of education, habit, custom, and above all of pride. Let us give practical proof of our genuine conversion, by 'conquering this prejudice,' and treating our colored brethren and sisters with the respect and kindness we show to all who are worthy among those of our own complexion. This is all that is required of us, and less we cannot give if we are sincere and true. We have a great work to do in this matter, and must not be content with the state of things around us, until the colored people are as free here, and are as equally treated, as in France or in England. Constitutions have been adopted, and laws passed, since I have been here, and by free States, too, which are a scandal to the age, and would be a disgrace to any heathen people; how much more in a country boasting of its civilization and Christianity! The colored people will remain here to test the humanity of this nation, which can never obtain credit for its zeal in behalf of the heathen abroad, until its own complexional caste is thrown away, and trampled in the dust. Let *us* at all events, prove our sincerity by extending our hand, as to an equal, to every deserving brother, whatever the tint of his skin (cheers).

I am not ignorant that great fault has been found with me for the alleged harshness of my language. I have no wish to deny that my language

region where they are found, the kind of labor in which they are employed is stamped with degradation and cursed with infamy.

Sir, Slavery has not only inflicted a curse upon labor and robbed it of its glory, but it has debauched the morals of the entire nation. It has turned the women of America into the patronesses of licentiousness, and the defenders of that huge Southern brothel, where 1,500,000 of their sex are at the mercy of lustful tyrants. What more striking evidence could be furnished of the clergy of this country having abandoned their duties, when the women of their congregations are profoundly indifferent to the fate of a million and a half of their own sex, held in chattel Slavery by their countrymen, and not a wife among them all! Yet these same women are taught and trained to pity and pray for the females of India and of Turkey, and to subscribe their money and carry collecting books about, that missionaries may be sent thousands of miles away to elevate women to her proper rank in creation! Women of America! how long will you hold the key of this dungeon of pollution? Methinks, that if not lost to every sense of decency and humanity—and if once you apprehend the full meaning of the terrible word Slavery—you would give no sleep to your eyes nor slumber to your eyelids, till you had emancipated the slaves in your Southern States. Do you never think upon the fact, of a million and a half of mothers and daughters in your native land not one of whom has the power to defend her own chastity, or of resisting the lustful tyrants by whom she is surrounded? Do you never think of your own sex, bred and bought for the basest of purposes? Of a million and a half of your own American sisters, on whose behalf no husband, father, brother, friend or lover dare raise his arm, to save one of them from the horrors of brutal outrage? Woe to your teachers! How long shall the women of America shed tears over the miseries of the heathen, or the heroine of a novel, and have none for their defenceless sisters on the plantations of the South? I declare, that the general indifference of the women of America to this subject is to me appaling. What can be thought of those who have educated them, and never taught them that women at the South was intended for a higher and holier purpose than to suckle slaves, and be the victim of the uncurbed passions of a republican slaveholder? (cheers).

The apathy of the community on the subject of Slavery in America naturally suggests the thought, that the professed ministers of divine truth in this country have been false to their trust; and he who has observed the existing state of things is compelled to come to that conclusion. Every day's observation, during my visit amongst you, has taught me this, and I am more than ever before of opinion, that amongst those who are answerable for the existence of Slavery, the clergy are the most guilty (cheers). They have not only neglected to use their influence in favor of the slave, but they have turned it directly against him. As organized bodies, the churches of America have been truly called the bulwarks of Slavery. The persecution of Anti-Slavery truth in America originated with the clergy, and has been carried on by them to the present time. The mobocratic violence which has been sometimes exhibited, has been but the last development of the spirit first displayed in the pulpit. The corruption of Christianity, and the turning of the Bible into a book of Statutes in favor of Slavery, has been the exclusive work of the clergy. The Pro Slavery sentiment of New England is the fruit of the teachings of the clergy. The countenance given to the Fugitive Slave Law is the work of the clergy. The calumnies and false charges against the true abolitionists of these States have been concocted and circulated by the clergy. The closing of the thousands of meeting-houses against the advocates of the slave is the work of the clergy. Such has been the terrible influence exercised by this body of men, that when one of their number has for a time stood forth as the defender of the rights of the slave, they have either consigned him to martyrdom, or dragged him back again into the bondage from which he had escaped. Many are the examples around us of men who did run well, but have returned to their wallowing in the mire. Look at Dr Samuel H. Cox, of Brooklyn, New York; he is a fair example of a class of men who have deliberately betrayed, not only three millions of slaves, but the truth of God itself, and have taken the wages of unrighteousness. The clergy of America have, in the period of fifty years, utterly corrupted the religion of the country; and in doing so, have made the community believe that they do God service by defending, or conniving at the existence of, the foulest system that ever was upheld in any nation. Who can be surprised at the state of the people, when such is the state of the priesthood? The abolitionist has not only to redeem the slave, but, as a preliminary measure, to redeem Christianity itself out of the hands of those who have made it preach in favor of making merchandize of immortal beings. Alas! for the slave! Whatever you prize for yourselves, and esteem a blessing, is to him a calamity and a curse. Have you a religion? you teach him to abhor it, for it sanctifies his Slavery. Have you a Bible? you teach him to curse it, for you tell him it gives the master the power which he claims, and commands the slave's obedience to whips and chains and bloodhounds. Have you education? you teach him to curse that also, for you turn your intelligence against him and wield the power of knowledge to his destruction. Are you free? he curses your freedom, for you abuse it to his hurt, and are omnipotent to crush him, in the strength which freedom has given you. Are you white? he curses your color, for you claim, in virtue of the complexion you wear, the right to make him and his children forever beasts of burden. Oh what a work is yours, to regenerate this guilty land!

Sir, I know not whether all here have marked, as I have done, the concerted effort now being made, to repudiate that which constitutes the glory of your Declaration of Independence, namely, the assertion of the self-evident truth, that all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable title to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. You are fast approaching the day when you will celebrate your independence by the reading of your famous Declaration, and when your orators will deliver eulogies on the deeds of your revolutionary fathers. Let me then show you in what way the great doctrines of liberty and equality are treated by the influential papers of America. What says the *New York Herald*?

"The famous dogma, that all men are born free and equal, is a dogma beautiful in sound, but empty, transcendental and truthless in fact. All men, on the contrary, are born weak and imbecile, and in fact slaves. * * * The dogma so often cited as the basis of our government, is a hollow and senseless sound, and it is time that the ideas thrown among the people by Jefferson * * * should be cast aside as political charlatanism of the most destructive character. * * * Our political meetings, our courts of justices, our churches, our educational system, our business operations—in fact every avenue of life, are afflicted with the spirit of this false and pestilential political lie."

Turn from the *New York Herald*, of the 22d of May, to the *Washington Union*, the organ of the Democratic party in this country. Only a few days ago, the new editor of that journal thought he was required to put forth a declaration of his own views and those of his party on the subject of Slavery. In an article prepared with much care, and written with considerable talent, the editor announces his creed to be that—

"There is no equality among men, except in the universal duty of all to obey the laws of God * * * Freedom and equality are necessarily determined in any given society or community, by the varying influences of origin and caste, age, numbers, geographical position, and contact with other societies and communities. * * * The terms liberty and freedom are not in themselves expressive of a standard which excludes the idea of dependence (property in man) or servitude (Slavery)."

If I do not misread and wholly misunderstand the doctrine here laid down, it is as entirely suited to the circumstances and forms of government in despotic countries, as any that could be broached. The doctrines of natural rights, of the equality of men in natural rights, of the people to govern, of the wrongfulness of castes and class legislation, are completely repudiated by the organ of national democracy in the United States.

Again—the *New Orleans Bulletin*, in an article branding the friends of emancipation and equal rights as 'dreamers, visionaries, mad enthusiasts, fools, unconfined madmen, social incendiaries, and contemners of law,' thus treats the Declaration of Independence:

"Our fellow citizens of the North know nothing of the institution of Slavery. In all history, in all philosophy, in all poetry, from the pulpit, from the hustings, from the bench, they hear that liberty is a delightful and Slavery an odious thing. This strain rings upon their ears from the earliest morning of life; and annually, amid all the pomp of the celebration of our national anniversary, they hear it read from our Declaration of Independence—'ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL'—a memorably epigrammatic announcement, in which a great statesman sacrificed the truth of history, philosophy and fact, and the sound equity of existing relations, to ambitious phraseology."

Finally, hear what the *Richmond Whig* says:

"It was the South—always eager for the importation of foreign philosophies—always captivated with the last fancy of opinion—always addicted to the new found chimera of political discovery—ever as speculative as the North was practical—that first, by foisting into our earliest national act of Anglo Saxon freedom the silly paradox of Rousseau about the inherent and indefeasible equality of all men, set inevitably on foot Abolitionism. They who sow the wind of such doctrines must, sooner or later, reap the whirlwind. He who scatters rat's-bane in his house may well expect to get poisoned; he that plants serpent's teeth through his fields ought not to complain of others when he gets bitten." Again: "We have all been wrong in giving into wild and licentious ideas of freedom. * * * How long is it since we ceased to be ready to applaud any and every body's insurrections, any where, every where, about any thing, every thing, or nothing—provided only it was not among the negroes? * * * There must be better sense and more morals, (!) or we shall suffer for it."

Such are the sentiments now openly avowed in various portions of this country, and I have seen no refutation of them in any political paper unconnected with the Anti-Slavery movement. I am compelled therefore to infer, that they are the sentiments of no small number of the people of these States agree with, if they do not avow these views.

Sir, when I look at the history of this country, and the most important act of your national government, I am struck with the fact, that your course has been downward from the time of your independence—I mean in relation to the great question of Slavery. This downward course dates from the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

I find that your fathers, in 1787, deliberately sacrificed the rights of humanity, in the persons of 600,000 slaves of the South. It is of no use saying they did not. The Constitution that they left behind them as the results of their labors, and the words that they uttered when that Constitution was under discussion, compromise the rights of humanity. You have no more right to be free than the slaves have a right to be free; you have no better title to your liberty than the blackest slave ever born of a mother that was held in bondage (loud applause). Your revolutionary fathers had no more right to compromise the liberties of 600,000, or of one, than they had to cut the throats of all who were darker than themselves. The Constitution of the United States contains the seminal principle of disunion. It pledges protection to Slavery, and yourselves to be partners in the guilt of that system. Your revolutionary fathers made it to secure certain present ends, and did not foresee the purposes to which their surrender of principle would be turned. They meant it not; but see in this the fatal error that every man commits who ever compromises a great principle. If you ever sit, any of you, in the legislature, resolve rather to die than to compromise the principles of equity and justice in any law that you frame (cheers). You either doom that law to be despised, or level your sense of justice to it; and soon the awakening conscience of mankind will trample your law under its feet (renewed cheers). No matter whether such a law be passed in Washington or in Boston, a bad law contains the germ of revolution, and nothing can justify any regard or respect, still less obedience to it. Cling, I beseech you, to the eternal principles of right, emanating from the universal God, who is the fountain of all law (great cheering).

That error was speedily incorporated into your Government, and has governed your policy all through. Your career has been downwards from the Declaration of Independence; downwards, until I know not that you can reach a lower depth than that in which you now lie—scourged like menials and slaves, and made to drive the fugitive slave from your borders. Downwards, from the formation of the Government, in 1792, to the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803; to the Missouri compromise in 1820; to the Seminole Indian war in 1837; to the admission of Texas in 1843; to the war with Mexico in 1847; and then, the climax of all infamy, which makes you the scorn of the world, the Fugitive Slave Bill, in 1850 (loud applause).

O, Americans! come back to those truths which were deserted by your revolutionary fathers! Think not I am here to traduce the men who achieved your independence. The world could not have furnished a more illustrious band of men than they. They loved their country so well that in an evil hour they disobeyed their God, and trampled on the rights that pertain to his children. And you are all implicated in their faults, for every one of them have been national subjects.

I am told that I do not make any exceptions; and you see in your national records only the evidences of a restricting power from that day to this. But what do I see? First, your Webster addressing you from the Revere House steps, calling your most profound and noble sentiments prejudicies, and entreating you to abandon them and to conquer them I land, and I find two fugitives hiding from their pursuers, and every one of your pulpits in league against them. No, not every pulpit; thank God, there is more than one pulpit in Boston that denounces the Fugitive Slave Law (tremendous cheering). But, I find your clergy generally consenting to the delivery of the Crafts. I find your statesmen generally in favor of the surrender of these persons; and but for the secrecy that they preserved, or but for the bravery of that noble man, now safe on the other side of the Atlantic, they would have been restored to their claimant. Then came your Faneuil Hall meeting, with its sound and fury, and its proclamation against the pure and Christlike Anti-Slavery agitation.

I confess that I think you are scandalized by what is going on in your city. I cannot express the feelings with which I looked upon the persons in your court the other morning. Those twelve men are disgraced by sitting there. The judge upon the bench was an official minister of evil (long continued applause). Trial by jury! How will the world read the description of America putting a man on trial before a dozen men, to answer for having aided in securing liberty to a fellow man! The thing is ridiculous, and is presented no where else but in America. In this country, you put twelve men into a jury-box to decide whether their brother is a man or a beast; and it depends on their honesty whether he shall be a man, or whether he shall be a beast. He may be written all over with the signature of God; that is not the question—has he the signature of Mr. Debree? On this depends the question whether he is a little lower than the angels, or a little less valuable than a horse. And thus, in the State of Massachusetts—in Boston, the city of the Pilgrims—the judgment of a jury, the talents of legal and learned men, are all brought into requisition to decide whether a being that speaks, wills, hopes, fears, sorrows, rejoices, is amenable and eligible to heaven—whether he is a man or a beast! And this in Massachusetts! I tell you, as an Englishman, I thank God this is not my State (cheers)! If I were in it, I would try to make it better. You have a greater work than all the world has got to do besides. I say, in this republican country, there is yet to be a greater struggle for the rights of man than the world has ever seen. You have doctrines amongst you here that would be scouted by the tories of England. There is not a tory in England who would not blush to utter the sentiments I have read in the speeches of Mr Webster (loud cheers). I say again, there is no live tory—name him, if you can (no one speaks)—who would dare insult England, and render himself odious in the sight of his countrymen, by the utterance of such sentiments as Daniel Webster has uttered (cheers). He denounces and ridicules the principles of the abolitionists. He tells them they are traitors; that his law shall be executed. 'I will go into their next Convention,' says he, 'and drag them thence, if they presume to continue their boastful insolence.' And that is your 'godlike' orator; that is the embodiment of democratical institutions at the present day! Why, the Italians, who have stabbed kings, would be ashamed of any thing so vile as that

Who is the traitor in America? Why, the man who, getting up at midnight to answer a gentle tap at his door, finds a fugitive slave, cold, hungry, half-naked, who asks a morsel of bread, and the privilege of sitting by his fire to thaw his frozen limbs, is a traitor, says Daniel Webster, if he does not lay hold of him, handcuff him, and hand him over to the human leopards on his track. And that is the *ne plus ultra* of democratic legislation in 1851!

Now, my friends, I tell you frankly, that if I return to this country, it is to give my life to the cause of the slave (enthusiastic applause). I shall come to join the little band of true republicans in this land, to stand by your Declaration of Independence, and declare that great truth, that God has created all men to be free and equal. I will do this, if God wills, and shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart, and hand to hand,—

'We'll make the world better yet.'

I love your country. When I shall sail, and be engaged in other concerns, be sure that your cause is near my heart. There is no doubt in my mind as to the issue of this struggle—there never was. When, in 1835, through the kindness of two friends—I hope they are both here to night—I was sheltered from a ferocious mob, who sought my life, and crept from the garret where I was concealed at night to seek the shores of my native land,—I was not hopeless then, when, with a ruthless mob around me, I first learned how dangerous it was, in republican America, to preach the principles of liberty and equal rights. If I was not hopeless then, but hopeful, how much more now! Why, the very atmosphere of this hall to-night should inspire our souls. I would that I could summon the 'godlike' Daniel Webster to look upon this building and all who are in it. The spirit of liberty is spreading. It has gone abroad. It is up in Chicago, where a slavehunter had to be taken to jail to secure him from the overweening attentions of the people (cheers). It is in California, where there was enough of New England and Anti-Slavery spirit to adopt a Constitution forever excluding Slavery from her soil (cheers). It is every where. You need to take a more comprehensive view. There may have been a time,—I do not believe there ever was,—when this agitation could have been put down by the strong arm of power; it might, perhaps, have retarded for a few years, at most, the development of the Anti-Slavery sentiment in this country; but it cannot be controlled now.

But, enough. Wherever I may be, my spirit will abide with you here. I shall sympathize in all your labors, rejoice in all your successes, and should a kind Providence restore me to this land, I will devote what of life and energy may remain, to the accomplishment of that great work in which the welfare of this country is bound up—the extinction of Slavery throughout the land (long continued applause).

The President then proposed the following sentiment, and called upon WENDELL PHILLIPS for a response:—

'*The American Anti-Slavery Movement*—Ever Onward,—never Retrograde! Its success is certain, may it be speedy!'

As Mr. PHILLIPS rose, the band struck up, 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' which they played to the great satisfaction of the audience. As the music ceased, Mr. PHILLIPS said—

Mr. PRESIDENT—I think that the gallery is much wiser than the platform, in responding to that sentiment with music, instead of trusting the response to my voice; they knew well that there is nothing but music worthy to follow the eloquent tones to which we have just listened. I wish, sir, you would let me play the part of that honorable member of the House of Commons, who, following Edmund Burke, made a most excellent speech by deliberately enunciating, '*I say ditto to Mr. Burke*' (laughter and applause.!) In that way, sir, we could have a large and unanimous response from this audience to your sentiment, we could all do a little speaking to-night, and get home early.

Sir, I have listened to the remarks from the platform to-night, and I am in the condition of Lewis Hayden's jury—I can't agree. And, by the by, it is a matter of rejoicing to me, to-night, that Lewis Hayden is here, and the jury locked up (cheers and laughter) I think that is a judicious exchange, and I have no doubt the jury would gladly exchange to this hall from the jury-room in the court-house. You, Mr. President, are a cruel taskmaster to-night. You call upon one and another of us to follow George Thompson. Sir, I think that man had better go home. Nobody wishes to make speeches after him. That is one reason for his departure—I will tell you another. Why are we here to-night? Because they will not let us have Faneuil Hall. Daniel Webster, like the dog in the manger, will neither speak there himself, nor let us (laughter and applause). Perhaps we shall get over that difficulty when Thompson is gone. The clergy, too, are very uncomfortable while he is here. I am afraid they will not like him much better when he gets home. In this case, no

Distance can lend enchantment to the view,
Or rob George Thompson of his horrid hue.

He will be as keen a thorn in England as here. We know very well that politicians whisper at home what they dare not say at Washington, and talk *sub rosa* at Washington what they would not for the world have known at home; and their political death dates from the day they are equally well known in both places So of the clergy. We know what Dr. Kirk is in Boston, but Dr. Kirk was ecstatically glad to meet Frederick Douglass on a London platform, giving testimony to the equality of his colored brother, and ostentatiously shaking hands with him We need always in England somebody who shall undertake to disrobe these transatlantic Abolitionists, men who on board the steamer got rid of their Anti-Slavery principles as they do of their loose English change, taking special care to bring neither home. You know that Goldsmith describes the anticipated joy of the literary imposters when Douglass, the old bishop who had exposed their cheats, should be removed. Let me slightly parody his language to describe the joy of our American clergy, when our friend shall no longer be able to rebuke them:—

New Coxes, new Campbells the pond shall cross over,
No Englishman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Yankee meet Yankee, and cheat in the dark.

(cheers). Let him go home, then; we want him there, to deliver that very testimony which he has so eloquently given us to night. Let him go home to tell Great Britain that it is not true that America *believes* Slavery to be a blessing; for it was well said long ago, 'persecution is only a want of faith.' The American when he refuses to listen to any man's thought on Slavery, shows that he distrusts what he pretends to believe. Let Mr. Thompson go home with the obligation upon him to show that all the pretended feelings of security on the part of pro-slavery men is but a false outside covering, which trembles at the merest voice of truth.

Sir, when I compare our friend with the other Englishmen that come here, I find an excuse which has not been alluded to to-night for his coming. I will tell you why he came. He came because Father Mathew and Lady Montague, he came because Maryatt and Basil Hall, had come before him. He came because of those countless tourists who had kissed the dust before the Slave Power. He came to show us what a real John Bull was When I was in Lyons, I noticed in the manufactories a very inferior class of goods, and what they were for the American market. Now, the men Great Britain sends to us are mostly of this pattern; and when we get a man intended for home consumption, then we get an honest one. We have one before us (cheers). We gain strength, Mr. President, in the reflection, that his influence is not to go from us, since he must live still here in those eloquent testimonies that he has given us, to-night. We shall not forget them. They have sunk deep into our hearts, and will abide forever. Byron tells us, that in the Roman forum, 'the eloquent air,' after two thousand years, still 'breathes, burns with Cicero.' Where is the Anti-Slavery town, where the Anti-Slavery bosom, that does not burn yet with the eloquence which sixteen years ago lightened over all New England (prolonged cheers)? We dare to look George Thompson in the face. I will tell you what I mean. When Fayette came to this country, on his second visit, he said, in answer to Judge Story, 'Had I known that I was drawing my sword for a country that would not do justice to all races, it should have been glued to its scabbard.' The country which he had aided had no right to look the impartial hero in the face. This country ought to have blushed at the memory of the false pretences by which she had won his sympathies, and taken the wealth and name which he consecrated to her cause.

Mr. President, the man who sits second at your right, since with one hand he smote down colonization, and wrote out, with the other, for his countrymen, the glorious motto of immediate emancipation, has stood before the community 'without variableness or shadow of turning (loud cheers).' That same uncompromising fidelity to abstract justice which our guest left here in 1835, he has come back to find. He cannot reproach us with unfaithfulness. He is one of ourselves, because his philosophy of reform is the same, whether he treads the soil of his mother country or ours. His determination to compromise no principle for the gaining of numbers, to appeal to no government for temporary success, to throw himself unreservedly on the masses, and trust for his triumph to the regeneration of public sentiment—it is these that have kept George Thompson in a glorious minority in his own country; it is these that keep us there too. I hope he may never come back to meet with a welcome. I hope he will never come back so much in harmony with an average morality—a reputable religion—an 'immortal dollar' State, that the majority will do him homage. He will come back—O, yes, he will come back here soon, I know and trust The Mayor that would not let us welcome him, is very willing that we should meet to-night to bid him farewell. Let me tell him that he will return again.—Somebody told Porson that Pope's translation of Homer would be remembered when Homer was forgotten 'Yes, said the old scholar, '*and not till then.*' So, George Thompson will come back when the Mayor is forgotten; and that will not be long either (roars of laughter and applause). He is going away, but, Mr. Mayor, as mothers say of a troublesome child, he is back before you can turn round. And, Mr. President, when he comes, I hope he will find that same sort of annoyance as before, that same sort of welcome that he had last fall. I hope he will find us just as much traitors as he leaves us now. We will not bid him farewell. 'Farewell is a lonely sound, and often brings a sigh'; but as he is only changing into another regiment, we bid him, simply GOD SPEED (cheers)

Mr. QUINCY then offered the following sentiment:—

The People of Color of America—The unerring instinct of persecution teaches them who are their friends, and their unanimous verdict has pronounced George Thompson the faithful and uncompromising friend of the black man, whether bond or free.

Mr. REMOND said he did not rise after what Mr. Phillips has said, to inflict a speech upon the audience, but simply to respond to the sentiment offered, and to add a word or two to what has been so eloquently expressed by their distinguished guest. He had hoped for some occasion, similar to the present, on which he could express the regard and affection in which he held George Thompson. He had always found their friend to be at home, what he had presented himself to be in this country. He was deeply indebted to him for his generosity and his agreeable companionship while he was in England; and if there was one man more than another to whom all mankind, bond or free, were equal, that man was George Thompson. He had hoped that before he left these shores, the colored people would present him with such a testimonial of regard and esteem as would encourage and cheer his heart in the noble work to which he is devoted. If this could not be done at present, he hoped the time was not far distant when the colored people, by a judicious husbandry of their means, would be able to testify their gratitude to the man who had labored with such sacrifice and devotion in their behalf.

He looked upon that occasion as the bow of promise to the oppressed in the South, and the harbinger of better days to the free people of color. It was a rebuke to that fiendish spirit of prejudice which animated so many in this State. How happened it that, in the case now before the U. S. Court, that there was no one in reality identified with Lewis Hayden that night sit in the jury box or speak in his behalf? The colored man was condemned before he was placed upon the stand, and he was tempted to tell the jury to utter with their lips what was already in their hearts.—Such was the position they occupied in this country. He felt that he was but a miserable apology for a man. When the time come in which he could stand up a freeman among men, he would thank God, and pray Him to take him from this country and this world. He had endeavored to do some little in the anti-slavery cause, and whether he was happy or unhappy, whether he enjoyed the confidence of the community in which he lived or not, he was determined to speak the truth, and to say of Slavery what he belived it deserved to have said of it. He believed the presence of George Thompson was doing good, for the presence of every such man brought the disease of American Slavery to the surface of the body politic. Let them stand by their posts, and this country shall be redeemed.

Mr. Remond said that he had hoped the N. E. Convention would appoint some free man of color to represent his persecuted race at the great Exhibition in London; and he still trusted that some person would be sent out to take his stand by the side of George Thompson under the banner of 'No Union with slaveholders.'

[Mr. Remond was very warmly cheered at several points of his speech.]

The PRESIDENT then announced the following sentiment:—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,—May she soon vindicate her ancient claim to be the sanctuary to which all the oppressed may fly and be safe, and perform the first duty of government, the protection of the weakest of its inhabitants.

The Hon. Mr. KEYES, of Dedham, after disclaiming both the title and the purpose of speaking in behalf of the Commonwealth, said—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Now that the field has been so thoroughly gone over, and the harvest of compliment and approbation so thoroughly gleaned, I should certainly not deem it necessary to respond to the call which has been made upon me, on account of the distinguished gentleman whom we have met to honor. I rise rather in testimony of my own gratitude to him for the vast and varied services he has rendered to the race of the unfortunate and oppressed every where, and especially because it has pleased him to come and hold the mirror up to us of the United States, at a time when we present to the inhabitants of all other civilized nations, and to a portion of those of our own, a spectacle at once revolting and disgraceful.

There is a somewhat striking coincidence attending the two visits of Mr. Thompson to these shores, which has not yet been alluded to. Our country, it is well known, is ruled by political parties, and the sentiments of the people, upon almost all popular subjects, are measured by a political standard. The character of the reception, therefore, which is accorded to any particular doctrines and principles, from whatever quarter they may come, depends very much upon their bearing upon those political topics which are, for the time, subjects of discussion. It so happened, that, at the period of our friend's first visit, the Whigs were engaged in performing a series of evolutions, in proof that the Whig party, in opposition to the Democratic party, was the peculiar stay and support of the institution of Slavery. They held great meetings at Faneuil Hall, and at other places, which might have been appropriately denominated 'Union' meetings; and their Governors sent messages to the Legislature worthy to be displayed in ebony frames, on every Southern plantation. The blows, therefore, which our eloquent guest dealt at that time, fell most directly and heavily upon them, and the blows which he received in return came from the same sources which provided the influences and supplied the spirit of the Whig party.

During his long absence, the political wheel has made a complete revolution. Had he visited us at any time during the period which elapsed between 1843 and 1848, he might indeed have found enemies, but if there had been any overt acts of hostility committed, they would have proceeded from far different sources from those which have greeted him on the present occasion.

Now, the same state of things, in respect to politics, exists as before. Even the same LUNT, who was afloat on the surface on a former occasion, and who shortly afterwards disappeared out of sight, has again reappeared above the disturbed waters, a symbol of the degradation of the times. The Whigs are, also, once more doing acts of penance for their past sins against Slavery; and while thus engaged, our friend makes his second appearance, to interrupt their long-faced and loud-mouthed devotions. The same Whig powers are therefore arrayed against him as before.

He is opposed and abused under the pretence that he is a foreigner. But this, we all know, is merely a pretext. Our deferential propensities are most clearly exhibited towards foreigners, in all cases where our national vanity is not offended, and our most sacred national institution is not maligned. Next to slaveholders, foreigners are apt to be the most favored objects of our adulation. Whether this disposition, on our part, arises from weakness or patriotism, need not here be discussed. We are indeed greatly indebted to foreigners for all that we were, and for much that we are now. We owe our existence as individuals and as a nation to foreigners. The race of North American aborigines has been nearly exterminated. The great principles of republican liberty, of which we boast so much, were chiefly derived from England. The laws of England are the basis of all our own, and the decisions of her courts of justice are the bulwarks by which our judges are guided and controlled. Our independence, too, was secured by the aid of foreign interference, while a considerable portion of our own wealthy and prominent citizens fought then, as they do now, on the side of the enemy and of oppression.

It is not against foreigners, then, that our people entertain prejudices. It is only against those truthful representations of our character and conduct which tend to make us unqniet in our iniquity, and to disgrace us in the eyes of the world. It is the truth which appals, and not the foreign source from whence it emanates. Mr. Thompson is hated simply because he has spoken the truth in regard to our great national crime.

'Tis guilt alone which fills the air
With visionary terrors and shapeless forms of fear.'

Had he occupied himself in spreading reports having no foundation in truth, he could not have aroused even a momentary burst of opposition. And should he even now change his course as suddenly as some of our politicians have done, and commence singing the praises of the Compromise, all opposition would at once cease in those quarters from whence it now proceeds, and the opinions of an 'intelligent' and 'unprejudiced' foreigner would be handed about as the most current coin of State street.

We thank Mr. Thompson for his visit, because it has afforded us valuable instruction in many ways. He has served as a touch-stone—a test of the state of the public conscience. In one sense, the hostility which he has aroused is favorable to our public character; because it is proof that we are not utterly shameless. If his enemies were entirely satisfied with their own conduct, or if they were completely hardened in their iniquity, they would regard him and his doings with profound indifference. It is because they are neither, that they writhe in agonies under his inflictions. The very sensitiveness they exhibit is proof that the field is worthy of cultivation, and may, in time, bring forth good fruit. Let the sowers, then, continue to go forth.

If we have gained some knowledge from him and through him, he too may have gathered some information which it may be profitable for him to carry back to his countrymen. If he has found, that, as a nation, we are boastful and hypocritical, he has also found that there are those amongst us, who are neither unwilling to hear or to speak the truth If he has found that we exhibit a great deal of that charity which looks abroad, he has also found examples of that other kind which begins at home.

He will also be able to carry back the intelligence, that there are not to be found specimens of all our productions, in our department in the Crystal Palace Of the species doughface they are never without illustrious examples, but we have priests—worthy descendants of Manwaring, and judges, who, if they are less bloody, are not less wicked than Kirke or Jeffries. But we have something besides. Our country has lately produced an altogether new and original species of the martyr. To the English mind, the martyr appears as the victim of cruelty and oppression, or as the inhabitant of a dungeon, or as bound to the stake; but the sample which we might supply is a cabinet minister, with his pockets swollen with donations, and with a chance for the Presidency which appears much greater, probably, to himself, than to anybody else.

This mutual interchange of knowledge cannot fail to prove mutually profitable. If our missionaries to the heathen are all sent abroad, it is but fair that the missionaries of other countries should come to enlighten the darkness of ours.

It is true that most of the missionaries whom we have sent abroad, as well as many of those who sustain them, have entirely neglected the wide empire of barbarism which lies at their own doors, while the guest whom we honor to-night has a just claim to speak of the tyranny which oppresses, and the evils which disgrace our country, from having first thundered and lightened amid the darkness which overshadows his own (cheers).

But I have already indulged too long. Let me conclude with the wish, that gentle gales may waft our friend to his native shores; that he may live like CLARKSON to witness the triumph of the cause on which his youthful heart was fixed; and that, like CLARKSON, he may die at last, cheered by the smiles of an approving conscience. and honored with the respect and gratitude of the world (cheers).

Mr. QUINCY then said.—When I had the honor of presiding on a similar occasion a few months since, it was my painful duty to announce the sudden demise of a distinguished gentleman, who was expected to be present and take part in that meeting. I was obliged to show the sign-manual of that gentleman, in confirmation of my assertion that he was no man. However, on that occasion, he came to us as a ghost from the shades below, and we were able to receive some spiritual advice and consolation. I have learned that that ghost has been walking since that time, and he is not very much maligned, it has been a very evil spirit indeed; for I know I was told by a very respectable member of society, not long since, that Theodore Parker was acting like the very devil! (cheers and laughter). I think, therefore, that in his disembodied state, he must have got in very bad company. He has, certainly, been as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, on the Vigilance Committee, and perhaps he will not, therefore, refuse if he be here in the spirit, (great laughter and applause,) to respond to this toast:—

The Vigilance Committee—The price of Liberty being Eternal Vigilance, they have not failed, by paying the price, to secure most of the article that has found its way to our market!

It being near the 'witching hour of night, when grave-yards yawn,' the evoked ghost appeared, 'in mortal garb arrayed.' His coming was hailed with acclamation, and he 'approved our eyes' with speech:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—I am sorry to be exalted to this bad eminence, but as you have summoned me, not in the flesh, but only in the spirit, and announced that I have been acting like the devil, I will mention an anecdote, which shows that I have a right to do that. When the Vigilance Committee began to be formed, I received a newspaper that contained an account of a Convention holden in Massachusetts in which I was represented as having said, that 'if there was any devil, he would get the authors and executors of the Fugitive Slave Law; and if he did not, he had better resign.' The South Carolina editor said that if the devil should resign, he would nominate the Rev. Theodore Parker to fill the office. So you see that when it was said that I had been acting like the devil, it was 'my profession, Hal.' I was only performing my official duty. I had conquered my prejudices, and was doing my constitutional duties. I did not know, sir, but you would call upon me as a representative of the Church. Had you done so, I was intending to inquire if some of my seniors in the ministry were not present, and express my hope that my distinguished seniors, Rev. Drs. Gannett and Barrett might be called upon. But to pass to more serious things.

Mr. Parker then alluded to the changes which had taken place since, seventy-six years ago that night, our fathers made hay at midnight on Bunker Hill. One of the strangest, he thought, was that we, whose fathers or grandfathers made hay with cannon balls and musket shots mixed together, were here to take by the hand a Britain and a red-coat, and thank him for having been here and probed us worse than his king's cannon shot. If our fathers could wake up that morning, they would be astonished to see that mighty monument; they would be astonished to find Boston with a population greater than that of Boston, Philadelphia and New York, when they closed their eyes and laid down to sleep the slumbers of the dead. But they would be more astonished to find that we were taking a red-coat to our arms for the thunder and lightning that he exhibited to us. He was one of those who was at first sorry that Mr. Thompson came here, but now he was glad. Mr. Thompson would presently go home. Our blessings would follow him. What tales he will have to tell! He could say that when he came to Boston, he heard one Unitarian clergyman declare that he would send his own mother into Slavery to preserve the Union; and another, that if a fugitive slave came to his house to ask for protection, he would drive him from his door! He would have to tell the story of the subserviency of politics and religion to the Slave Power, and the sacrifice, throughout the nation, of the principles of justice and liberty to the impudent claims of the Moloch of Oppression.

One thing more he would say. Let Mr. Thompson go home and say—for it was the best thing he could say of America—that while he had, with fidelity, and with an eloquence rarely equalled and never surpassed, exposed the corruptions of Church and State in this country, he had been listened to, patiently and candidly. Let him remember that men, who love their country better than their own souls, heard him gladly. Let him go home and tell the people of England that he came in a day of great excitement, when the State was false, when half the nation bowed to slaveholders, when the church was exceeding false; yet, with the exception of Boston, and Springfield, and Philadelphia, wherever he was to speak, the people came to hear him, and blessed him for his speech He thanked Mr. Thompson for his admonitions; he thanked him for his denunciations—they were deserved; but he did not believe there was, on the face of the round world, a nation that would have allowed him the same privileges that we had done. If, in the time of the corn law agitation, we had sent the two most graceful, most able, most popular orators New England had—Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips—there, and had they denounced the House of Lords and the House of Commons, and the iniquity of the Church, as Mr. Thompson had done in this country, they would have been stoned with stones; and he did not believe there was an audience of men who would have heard them there, from John O'Groat's to Lizard's Point. This was one good thing that Mr. Thompson might tell of us. He was once sorry that he was coming, but now he was glad that he had been here; and now that he was going home, he would be followed by their thanksgivings and their prayers for his prosperity for ever and ever (loud cheers).

Mr. QUINCY said—Allusion has been made once or twice this evening to the condition of the Jury in the District Court to-night, who are shut up under lock and key, under charge of the proper officers; and we must all rejoice with Mr. Phillips, that while they are in 'durance vile,' Lewis Hayden is here at large. I will state—(I do not know how it leaked out—perhaps some little bird has told it,—for such things are not usually allowed to circulate by ordinary means)—that it is generally understood that the jury stand ten for acquittal and two doubtful (great cheering). Now, although we may not wish any evil to our fellow-Christians, I think we will agree that, unless these two obstinate jurymen agree with the majority in this case, it will not be very ill-natured to wish that the jury may pass a very *disagreeable* night (laughter)! There are some strange developments which we owe to this trial—some strange and wonderful discoveries in optics. The prosecuting officer states that 'there are times when a black coat looks white.' George T. Curtis, whom my friend Mr. Phillips calls the 'little Expounder,' to distinguish him from the great compromiser, swore that the man who said to Shadrach, 'Be of good cheer,' was a tall, light-colored man. When he was confronted with Lewis Hayden, he looked upon him, and such were his ideas of color, that he said it was 'his unfortunate belief' that Lewis Hayden was the man. Stand up, Lewis Hayden, and let us see whether you are a 'tall, light-complexioned colored man,' or not. [Mr. Hayden rose, and was greeted with tremendous cheers, mingled with explosions of laughter at the idea of calling *him* a tall, light-colored man]. Mr. Quincy—God give him a good deliverance (long continued cheers).

JAMES N. BUFFUM, of Lynn, said he would state a little fact to show what of liberty a Massachusetts man had in Boston. He went into the Court House a day or two before, and seeing a number of seats vacant within the bar, and being usually allowed that privilege, he attempted to take one, when the Marshal immediately stopped him. He asked him if he might not keep that seat while no member of the bar required it. He said his orders were to allow none but those entitled to it them to occupy those seats. A few moments after, the door opened, and Mr. Caphart, who wouldn't be allowed to enter a decent kennel in the South, came in and took the seat he had been refused. He (Mr. Buffum) asked the Marshal why it was that was denied to him was so freely granted to Caphart. 'O,' was the reply, 'he is a stranger, and my orders are to allow him a seat within the bar.' 'But suppose George Thompson should come in?' The reply was, that if the Marshal had been ordered to let that man in, he would have resigned his seat before he would have done it ('shame! shame)!' Mr. Buffum said he would make no comment.

The PRESIDENT said—I suppose there are none of you who have not heard of the famous ride of 'Spike' and Potter to New Bedford, when the Liberty Bell roused the people, and the piratical steamer was disappointed. Now, the question is often asked in that case which arose on the celebrated occasion recorded in the tragic ballad of Cock Robin, to wit, 'Who tolled the bell' (laughter)? I am happy to be able to introduce

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†‡† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1851.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

ON Wednesday, June 25th, GEORGE THOMPSON sailed for England, in the America, after a visit of about eight months. This visit having now passed into the domain of history, we are competent to look at it with impartial eyes, to decide upon its expediency and to estimate its results. This visit has been long anticipated, both by those who knew him and his services to the Cause fifteen years ago, and by those who knew him only by the hearing of the ear, having been born into the Anti-Slavery Gospel since those apostolic days. It has been looked forward to for years as one of those fortunate events which were rather to be desired than hoped for. His own implication in the politics of England, on the one hand, and the doubt whether the bitter hatred which drove him from the country in 1835 had sufficiently subsided to make his return to it safe, on the other, seemed to remove the probability of his long promised visit to an indefinite future. And even when the news arrived that he was actually embarked and on his way across the ocean, there were doubts in many sagacious minds whether the State of the public mind, agitated as it was by the breath of political schemers, and shaking with a pretended apprehension of the downfall of the institutions of the country, under the blows dealt to them by the Abolitionists, would tolerate the reproach of his presence and the rebuke of his lips. The result has most satisfactorily disappointed all such doubts, and has justified the prudent wisdom of the experiment.

The immediate and direct effects of Mr. Thompson's missionary efforts have been purely and entirely beneficial. The celebrity which both friends and enemies had combined in attaching to his name excited, far and wide, an unprecedented curiosity to see and to hear him. The insult with which he was met upon the threshold of the Country, in Faneuil Hall, countenanced and sanctioned by the presence and the silence of the Mayor and Chief of Police, but stimulated this curiosity, and, by the eternal laws of mind, aroused an antagonistic spirit which determined that he should have a hearing and fair play. Accordingly, his reception at Worcester and at Lynn was characterized by the utmost warmth and enthusiasm—which indeed marked his treatment with scarce an exception from the beginning of his course to the end. Even at Springfield, where the fire of Webster-whig patriotism blazed out in burnt offerings of tar-barrels and of effigies, and where the United forces of Church and State were brought to play upon the wires which set mobs in motion, he was heard in two crowded assemblies, and uttered words which have not yet ceased to make the ears that heard them, and that heard of them, to tingle. Wherever he has been, he has reenforced and enlivened the Anti-Slavery spirit where it previously existed, and aroused and excited one where it had hitherto lain dormant. It was somewhat like his labors in the infancy of the Cause, when he set forth the first principles upon which it rests, only with the advantage of the preparation which fifteen years of continuous effort of the Abolitionists had wrought in the general mind. His mission has been, chiefly, one of elementary, rudimental Anti-Slavery doctrine, illustrated and enforced by the examples and history of recent date. Thus, much seed must have been sown in new minds, heretofore unploughed or fallow, which will yet bring forth fruit thirty, fifty or a hundred fold, according to the native fertility of the soil.

The tour of Mr. Thompson has, moreover, been a test or measure of the degree of change which the Agitation of the Slavery question has worked in the Northern mind. It has tested whether or not our labors have been in vain, and has shown that the Anti-Slavery Movement has done what it set out to do in kind, and vastly more than it hoped to do in degree, when it set out. His presence was an electrometer of this sort, when he was here before, and it showed that the state of the moral atmosphere was so heavy and fetid with Pro-Slavery vapors that he could not breathe it in safety. Its continual agitation and disturbance by the persistency of the Abolitionists has in some degree defecated and purified it, as was shown by the fact that he went whither he would, in the Free States, even into Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, and there was none to molest him or make him afraid. Fifteen years ago, he was in hiding for weeks before an opportunity could be found to smuggle him into the British provinces like a bale of contraband goods. Now, he was publicly entertained in the largest hall in Boston by twelve hundred people, on the occasion of his departure, and sailed publicly in one of the Royal Steamers for his native country. And all this in the teeth of a press as malignant, as vile, as unscrupulous and as bloody as that which excited the former persecution against him. Verily, the work of the Abolitionists, however feebly and imperfectly it may have been done, has not been entirely in vain. We have not spent our strength altogether for nought.

Mr. Thompson's visit has also been of signal value, apart from its direct influence upon the Anti-Slavery Cause, by the vindication it has proved of the natural right of rebuke, when any national wickedness is forced upon any mind, without regard to the geographical point of the birth of its possessor. This nation which professes to be the leader of Missionary Enterprizes—Enterprizes that rest on the assumption of the right and the correlative duty of interfering with and destroying, it may be, the domestic institutions of other countries — which brays forth from forum, pulpit, legislative hall and printing-office its words of denunciation against the politics of the Old Word, and bids them stand farther off, for she is holier than they—this most egregious people undertook to say that a foreigner had no right to express his opinion of their institutions —to exhort them to cease to do evil and to learn to do well! Mr. Thompson has well maintained his right as a human being to utter his own thoughts and to put forth his moral power for the removal of what he perceives to be evil in the institutions of whatever part of the world, but especially of that which makes Freedom of Speech a part of its Constitutions of Government. And a sufficient change has been worked in the hearts and minds of that portion of the people of America where he has been, that this right has been fully sustained. This right of international testimony, of the rebuke of national sins by foreigners, whether uttered in the midst of the guilty nation by the lips, or borne to them on the wings of the press, is the mightiest instrument for the regeneration and progress of Society. The Public Opinion of Christendom is the true Law of Nations. And it is the sense of this truth that makes tyrants, whether they wield sceptres or cart-whips, whether they sit on thrones or on cotton-bags, tremble when its sentence of condemnation is thundered in their ears. It is the voice that foretells their downfall. It is the murmur that runs before the storm.

Sir Henry Bulwer, the slave-sycophantic envoy of Great Britain at Washington, intimated in some table-speech, soon after Mr. Thompson had been howled down in Boston, that no American undertaking to interfere with the affairs of Great Britain, would fare better there. Suppose it were so, it would alter in no degree the question of the *natural* right of such moral interference there and everywhere; and still less that of the *Constitutional* right of every man to Freedom of Speech in this country. But the fact is not so. During the height of the Corn Law Agitation, Mr. John Curtis, of Ohio, was actively engaged in promoting that great change in the condition of England. A change which, it was believed by them, would work as terrible ruin to the dominant landed aristocracy of Great Britain, as it is assumed Emancipation would to our oligarchy resting on ownership of human beings, here. In the height of the excitement which rent Scotland in twain, when the Secession of the Free Church occurred, Frederick Douglass and Henry C. Wright and James N. Buffum were allowed unlimited liberty of rebuke, when they went up and down the land denouncing the Free Church for accepting the gifts of menstealers without testifying against their guilt, and crying aloud and sparing not, "SEND BACK THE MONEY!" We are confident that an American could travel from end to end of the British islands preaching Republicanism, as long as he looked to no forcible Revolution, and as long as no such danger was impending. At the time of a Tenth of April or a Cabbage-garden Insurrection, indeed, an American would, of course, not be exempt from the operation of the laws to which all British subjects were amenable. And of this no reasonable complaint could be made. But here there are no laws limiting moral agitation, and that portion of the American people which permitted Mr. Thompson to speak what he pleased, deserves no more credit than the English do for their loyalty to the Queen, or any other nation for their fidelity to their recognized institutions.

The visit of Mr. Thompson will form a remembrable era in the lives of multitudes of persons. Great numbers will date their Anti-Slavery lives from that event. Very many will cherish among the choicest memories of their lives, the cheerful and brilliant hours they have enjoyed with him. They are days, though too few, that will remain marked with a white stone, as long as life endures. His many personal friends and his multitudinous admirers cordially wished him Good-speed on his return to his native land, and will be ready to give him as warm and as enthusiastic a welcome should he find a way open that should lead him back to abide among them. They feel that in the multitude of public and private considerations that must, and should, enter into the settlement of so grave a question as a change of country, the earnest wishes of personal friendship or of public admiration can have but little weight. Satisfied that this question will be wisely considered and wisely made, we shall await its decision with patience, though not without anxiety,—confident that, be it what it may, whether it retain George Thompson as a faithful son of England or give him, a son as faithful by adoption, to America, he will ever be found on the side of the Weak against the Strong, of the Oppressed against the Oppressor, of the Slave against the Tyrant, without limitation of latitudes and without regard to the landmarks which Nations have set up for the separation and subjugation of Mankind.—E. Q.

THE UNITARIANS AND SLAVERY.

MR. GAY—Dear Sir: In the various reports which have been published of what the Unitarians said during their recent religious anniversaries in Boston, about the Fugitive Slave Law, I do not remember to have seen it stated—which I have learned on good authority to be the fact—that a Committee of Unitarian gentlemen was chosen, with a request that they would take immediate steps to call a Convention of the Unitarian body, to discuss that law and their duty in regard to it. I heard the names of two or three of that Committee, but as I have not a complete list, will not give an imperfect one here. The action of that Committee will be looked for with much interest.

You have lately published accounts of a highly gratifying character, showing the action of different religious bodies in Great Britain with reference to the American Fugitive Slave Law, and the support which that wicked ordinance has received from the bulk of the American clergy, of all denominations. Is it not a singular fact that the British Unitarians are (I believe) the *only* religious body of that country who have refused to take action against that law, and the support it is receiving from the churches and clergy of this land? Hitherto but two Unitarian congregations—those at Bristol and Warrington—have spoken against this insult to Christianity, and prostitution of all principle. The larger Unitarian associations refuse to suspend religious fellowship and intercourse even with the most notorious and unblushing advocates of the man-stealing law. And I am told that some of the leading Unitarian Ministers in England Mr. Madge of London, Mr. Montgomery of Taunton, &c., publicly say that Dr. Dewey should be welcome to their pulpits, if he should revisit England. Are not these gentlemen running the principle of liberality, in our Yankee phrase, into the ground? Would they admit to their pulpits the man who sent *their* mothers, wives, sons and daughters into Slavery? And who are they, to have this respect to persons, and hold a man worthy of honor, who does to another that which would bring upon him their abhorrence and (probably) vengeance, if done to them?

NEW ENGLAND.

—The following is the action of the Churches referred to in the above communication:

The following resolution was recently adopted by the Lewin's Mead Congregational Meeting, Bristol, England.

"That this Congregation would respectfully but earnestly solicit the Committe of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, to embrace the occasion afforded by the Annual Meeting in June, for testifying the sorrow which other religious bodies have emphatically expressed at the present attitude of the Slavery question in America, and especially at the countenance it is receiving from the churches of that land; and further to take such steps as they may deem most expedient, for appealing to their brethren in the United States to redeem the honor of our Unitarian name, by henceforth dedicating the weight of their influence to the overthrow of that debasing institution, which so deeply sullies their nation's fame."

At a Full Metting of the Cairo street Congregation, Warrington, England, held in the Chapel on Sunday, May 25th, 1851, Mr. William Robson, Postmaster, in the chair, it was Moved by Mr. Alderman Allen, Seconded by Mr. Thomas Davies, Chapel-warden, and unanimously

Resolved, "That feeling most strongly the intense and aggravated evils of Slavery, especially as it exists among our professedly Christian brethren in the United States; and having observed with profound grief the passing and carrying out the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Act; we feel it our duty as a Christian Community to protest against the sanction attempted to be given to Slavery by Ministers and Disciples of that Saviour, who came to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke. They feel peculiarly grieved that the members of the Unitarian body, who make it their peculiar boast that, being unincumbered by dogmatic ties, they are left free to develope the practical results of Christianity; and who have had such noble examples set before them by the late lamented Follen, Channing and Ware, as well as by many living witnesses; should not only have done so little in the great cause of Abolition, but should so often have actually lent their talents and the advantages of their position to strengthen the hands of the oppressor. They call upon all their brethren in this country, in whatever communication they may have with the people of the United States, to express clearly, and keep firmly to their abhorrence of the traffic in human beings: and they trust that all who visit this country from America will return strongly impressed with the abhorrence of the English people to the system of Slavery; and determined to use their influence, more than they have yet done, for the emancipation of their unhappy brethren in bonds."

(Signed by request, and on behalf of the Congregation.)

PHILIP P. CARPENTER, *Minister*,
CHARLES BROADBENT, *Treasurer*.

MR. GAY:—I have nowhere seen noticed, in our American papers, a work upon this country, recently published in England, under the title of "AMERICAN SCENES AND CHRISTIAN SLAVERY. A recent tour of four thousand miles in the United States: By EBENEZER DAVIES." It is published by John Snow, Paternoster Row, London, in post 8vo. cloth lettered, at 7s. 6d. sterling.

I am thus particular in copying from an advertisement before me, because I am induced to think the work one of unusual interest and value; and am in hopes that copies will be ordered, for sale in this country, or that it will be republished here. An English friend (who has no connexion or interest, of a pecuniary nature, in the work,) informs me that he hears that Mr. Davies has suffered by its publication, on account of his honesty,—"the leading Independent ministers resenting the exposure of their *American brethren*." I append some testimonials to the character of the writer and his book, which appear to be something more than ordinary puffs.

Yours, truly, S. M.

"It is impossible to do anything approaching to justice to this volume by statement. It must be read to be appreciated. It is one of those books that intelligent persons could read on and on, and forever. The only page that will be perused with any feeling of uneasiness will be the last, to think that the feast is at an end."—*Christian Witness.*

"They will find in it much of a deeply interesting nature, valuable information, an insight into American life and manners, and the reflections of an enlightened Christian minister on the main features of the American Republic."—*Wesleyan Times.*

"His portrait of the slave-raising, slave-selling, and occasionally free negro kidnapping system, is vigorous and authentic. This book has our commendation. The rapid glance cast over American society, from New Orleans to New York, is that of a good and earnest man, and a pleasant travelling companion."—*Watchman.*

"Written in an easy, sketch-book sort of style, abounding with scenes and incidents described with considerable graphic effect. We invite the attention of our readers to two personal sketches, (those of John Todd and Jacob Abott) which well exemplify the skill of our author as a portrait-painter. On the whole we can recommend this volume, as being both entertaining and instructive."—*Sunday School Teacher's Magazine.*

"Of the many books that have been written on America, its institutions and its people, we know of none possessing higher claims to the attention of British Christians, than these deeply-interesting letters. They are truly graphic, and full of life and energy. Mr. Davies is evidently a man of deep thought, and of close observation. Nothing escapes him. He perceives quickly, and he judges candidly and soundly of the events that come within his notice."—*British Mother's Magazine.*

"Mr. Davies is honorably known as an agent of the London Missionary Society, who for some years has resided at New Amsterdam, Berbice. The book is a good book, and we recommend it to all our readers. It should be circulated widely, and will be prized wherever it is known."—*Eclectic Review.*

"It is written in a free, off-hand style, and contains a vast amount of information. It is altogether a production which cannot fail to excite much interest on both sides of the Atlantic."—*Standard of Freedom.*

"It is written in a style of great clearness and vivacity, and abounds with description, incident, and anecdote, so that the interest never flags for a moment."—*Herald of Peace.*

"An interesting work, which we cordially recommend to the attention of our readers."—*Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

"Many scenes are vividly sketched, and calculated to make the blood of a free-man boil with indignation."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

"A work full of instruction, amusement, and variety."—*Nonconformist.*

"For the sake of the bold and continued testimony against Slavery, we wish its success. Fearless, faithful, and thoroughly English, is his abhorrence of the system in all its manifestations."—*Christian Times.*

Read by Rev. T. S. Crisp (Head of the Baptist College, Bristol, England), at the Anti-Slavery Meeting, Bristol, April 11, 1851:

The Ministers of the Independent and Baptist Churches in Bristol, who met at Castle-Green Chapel, on Thursday, August 22d, 1839, to take a public and affectionate farewell of their highly esteemed Friend and Brother, the Rev. Dr. Beman, of N. York, having heard with much satisfaction the manly avowal made by him of his principles, as a determined advocate of effective measures for the immediate and universal abolition of Slavery in his own land, have requested him to convey to America the following Resolutions upon which, in conjunction with others of their Ministerial Brethren, who were not present at this Farewell Service, they had previously agreed to act:

That we look with grief and abhorrence on Slavery, as it still exists in many parts of America, and that, in our opinion, the evil has risen to such a height as to make it incumbent on every Christian, and especially every Christian minister, in that country, to support those public measures which aim at its entire and speedy extinction; that we rejoice that such efforts are made, and we look on the Abolition cause with the deepest interest, and with the most earnest desires for its success; that with these feelings we deem it right to unite in the adoption of the following resolutions:

1. That before we admit any Minister from America into our pulpits, we will enquire into his views and conduct with regard to Slavery.

2. That since mere general acknowledgments of the evil of Slavery will not be deemed satisfactory by us, we will respectfully, but pointedly, inquire of any such Minister introduced to us from America, whether he is promoting, in any way, the great cause of Humanity and Justice towards the oppressed; and should such inquiries produce an avowal of neutrality, or indifference to the great subject of Abolition, that we shall feel it to be our duty, on this ground, to abstain from Communion with him in the Pulpit.

That we adopt these Resolutions, not as assuming a right to dictate, nor as judging our Brethren, but because we are jealous for the honor of Religion; and because, while so deep a stain, with regard to Slavery, rests upon the character of many of the American Churches, we think it is only by acting firmly, as well as by speaking openly, and by such fidelity as does not imply a want of Christian charity and forbearance, that we can avoid the blame of tolerating and conniving at sin.

—It is understood that Rev. Mr. CRISP read the above paper to show what had been the early action of their denomination in regard to religious communion with slaveholders and apologists for Slavery, to indicate their purpose to stand firm in the position thus early and honorably taken. Such action, consistently held and uniformly carried out, by all non-slaveholding churches and ministers, is absolutely essential to the overthrow of Slavery, and will certainly accomplish that great and glorious object.

M.

Miscellaneous News.

—TENNESSEE—PERSONAL POLITICS.—The canvas for Congress in the 1st District, between Col. L. C Haynes and Andrew Johnson, is waxing warmer, and warmer, and rather overstepping the ordinary limits of party doings. A correspondent of the *Knoxville Whig*, who heard them at Blountsville, thus reports the substance of their speeches:

"Johnson and Haynes quarreled six hours here, and have adjourned to meet again to-morrow. They said but little about politics, but a great deal about their own want of honor, truth and patriotism. Haynes charged Johnson with refusing to pay his calls on his railroad stock. Johnson denied, and produced receipts to prove that he had paid, but said that Haynes had paid his own calls in wind from the stump, and was paid two prices for that. Haynes said that he had the promise of Johnson that he would get out of the way this time and do his best for him. Johnson denies this bargain; says that Haynes asked him fifteen hundred dollars to give him the track two years ago, and help down to eight hundred; and that him and Haynes met at Greenville about the first of May to arrange certain preliminaries of a Convention. They charged each other with having received lots of money from their party, with many rascally things—all of which we Whigs believed! Haynes proved by A. L. Gammon that he was to have the track this time, and Johnson proved by Patterson that there was no such bargain—that Haynes had been bought off with money and had no right to run now! Johnson said Haynes was not veteran Democrat enough to go to Congress yet—that a few years ago he was a noisy Whig—was abusing Jackson, Van Buren and all the Democrats—was kicked out of the Whig ranks by Brownlow—joined the Church and got license to preach, to be up with his adversary—but that Brownlow kicked him out of the Church in six weeks more! Haynes replied that no one would ever kick Johnson out of the Church or ministry—for that he was an infidel and did not believe in the existence of a God. Johnson replied that he believed in the true and living God, but that he had no faith in the God Haynes worshipped during the *six weeks of his Ministry!*"

—PUBLIC OPINION UPON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.—The general tone of public sentiment wherever it has been expressed, confirms the position we have heretofore assumed, that the great test question, in which is involved the destiny of this Confederacy, is the Fugitive Slave Law. We are well aware that there are some who rather ridicule the idea, that the salvation of the Union can be dependent upon any such issue. The Abolitionists of the North profess to believe that there is no danger of a dissolution of the Union, for any such cause as a repeal or modification of the Fugtive Slave Bill. The disunionists of the South make light of all the Compromise measures, and this in particular, and repudiate the notion that the loyalty of the South to the Constitution and the Union, is involved in the good faith with which this cardinal feature of the Compromise shall be maintained. These are exceptions, and in no wise to be taken as significant of public sentiment. The maintenance of the Fugitive Slave Law, in its full and unqualified integrity, has become a radical principle, and which is every day taking a stronger hold on the public mind. The Chief Magistrate of the country has taken occasion repeatedly to declare, that the Compromise measures of the last Congress are to be regarded as a *final settlement* of the vexatious questions that have been disturbing the public peace. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Cass, Mr. Foote, and other distinguished statesmen of both political parties, have avowed similar sentiments, and deprecated, in the most earnest language, any attempt to disturb the adjustment, as fatal to the cause of the Union, and as far as we can appreciate the extent of public opinion from the expression of it, as given in the several State and party conventions, that have been convened since the agitation of this question, there has been an almost universal harmony of sentiment upon this point—all agree that any interference with the Compromise measures, and with the Fugitive Slave law in particular, will jeopard the existence of the Union. At a late Democratic Convention in Pennsylvania, a resolution was adopted to the effect, that the law denying the use of State jails for the detention of fugitive slaves, ought to be repealed, "both because it interposes obstacles by means of State legislation, to the execution of the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and because it is a virtual disregard of the principles of the Compromise, and is calculated seriously to endanger the existence of the Union."

The Union Convention recently held in Georgia for the nomination of a candidate for Governor, explicitly recognized the principle that the existence of the Union depends upon the strict and faithful maintenance of the Fugitive Slave Law, and that the repeal of it would be an infraction of the Constitution. The language used is intelligible and emphatic on this point.—*N. O. Com. Bul.*

—CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERIAL CONVENTION AND DANIEL WEBSTER.—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing from Bradford, Vt., under date of the 20th instant says:—The Vermont Convention of Congregational Ministers held their annual meeting here on the 17th, 18th, and 19th ultimo. A hundred ministers, half members and half spectators, and the crowd of visitors from adjacent towns, would naturally fill up a small village to somewhat of an overflowing. The reports of delegates to other ecclesiastical bodies were not the least interesting of these services—particularly that of ex-President Wheeler, of Burlington, to the Old School General Assembly, which met recently at St. Louis. Upon this there arose a question from the Abolitionists "about purifying,"—they could not tolerate the idea of holding such correspondence with a pro-slavery body. The vote was at length taken by yeas and nays, and the question decided to continue the correspondence, and send delegates, as usual, (next year to Charleston, S. C.). The vote stood 32 to 4. At this result, quite unexpected to the Abolitionists, one of the minority arose and said: "I withdraw from the Convention forever, for I can no longer hold fellowship with a body in league with Daniel Webster and the Devil." The Convention passed a resolution denouncing the use of tobacco, which, as you remarked upon a similar vote at Boston in May, will probably end in smoke. Generally, the harmony, the fraternal greetings, and the true Christian feeling manifested at the meeting were very delightful. The meeting was closed by a sermon, and the administration of the Lord's Supper.

—OPINIONS OF THIRTY POUND LAWYERS.—Mr. Webster, in his speech the other day, at Albany, said. "everybody, eminent for learning and constitutional law and good judgment, without opposition, without intermixture of dissent or difference of judicial opinion anywhere," had pronounced the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional. He adds, "All the judicial opinions are in favor of this law. You cannot find a man in the profession, whose income reaches thirty pounds a year, who will stake professional reputation on an opinion against it. If he does, his reputation is not worth thirty pounds." As a commentary upon these specimens of loose and windy declamation, we quote the following opinions, quite recently expressed, by two eminent judges, one presiding in the highest court of judicature in the State of New Jersey, and the other a member of the Supreme Court of Ohio.

In a letter to Senator Chase of Ohio, dated Newark, N. J., April 9, Chief Justice Hornblower pronounces the law unconsitutional.

At the recent mass meeting held at Toledo, Judge Spaulding made a speech, in the course of which he spoke in the following very unequivocal language, of the law, the constitutionality of which, Mr. Webster says, no man whose professional opinion is worth thirty pounds, would even question:

"As a judicial officer in the State of Ohio, sworn to support the Constitution of the United States, as well as to administer justice impartially between the rich and the poor, if called on to act in the premises, I would set at liberty as many fugitive slaves, apprehended in our State under the late act of Congress, as could be brought before me on habeas corpus. I believe the law to be wholly nugatory and void; and holding it to be a clear violation of the constitution of my country, and opposed to the genius of our free institutions, I could not strike down the sacred guarantees of personal freedom, or inflict so much of a wound upon the sovereignty and independence of the State of Ohio, as to permit United States officers, within her jurisdiction, to encircle with chains of iron, either colored persons or Court Houses, when I should be called to administer justice."

If we go by the weight of authority, we shall soon be brought to the conclusion that no man, whose opinion is worth thirty pounds, can be got to certify that this law is constitutional, *unless he is a bachelor and poor.* —*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

—A black man, 121 years old, named Emanuel Corne, died near Claysville, Ky., on the 15th ult.

—LAST Sabbath evening Dr. Bushnell delivered a discourse on Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law, which was listened to by a crowded audience. It is such a discourse the New York Union Safety Committee will not be in a hurry to circulate.—*Hartford Republican.*

—SLAVES MANUMITTED.—Mr. Thompson a wealthy planter of Mississippi, recently brought with him to Cincinnati fourteen slaves whom he intends to set free and to place upon a farm which he has purchased for them in Mercer county, Ohio.

—AN attempt was lately made by a Kentuckian in Cincinnati, to arrest a negro claimed as a "fugitive from labor." During the scuffle, which occurred on Fourth street, near Sycamore, a crowd of people gathered around, and the colored individual was silently released through some subterraneous passage unknown to the "lookers on."

—PROSCRIPTION OF FREEMAN.—The last *Ashboro (N. C.) Herald* says: "We learn, from a reliable source, that Adam Crooks, of Abolition notoriety, was committed to Montgomery jail on Sunday last. He was urged to leave the State, and upon refusal, was committed.—*Greensborough (N. C.) Patriot June* 21.

—Father Mathew administered the pledge, in Cincinnati, to two thousand eight hundred persons. The number of applicants for admission to his Society, average three hundred daily.

—FREE negroes are no longer permitted to settle in the State of Iowa, a law to that effect having been passed by the Legislature a few weeks since.

—SLAVES MANUMITTED.—A large four horse wagon, in which a number of negroes, were huddled together, drew up yesterday at the corner of Main and Court sts., the strange appearance of the travelers exciting the curiosity of a crowd of spectators who had assembled around the equipage. Our reporter learned that these negroes, fourteen in number, and consisting of two families, were the slaves of a wealthy planter, named Wm. Thompson, from whose residence in Ocitibehan County, Mississippi, they had travelled in this wagon. His intention is to liberate them, instructions having been given by him yesterday at the law office of Flint & Brown to have the proper deeds of manumission prepared. They proceed to-day to Mercer County where the old gentleman designs to purchase a farm for them.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

—A FUGITIVE SLAVE FROM WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.—Yesterday, at noon, George H. Rosset, Esq., Assistant U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania, reached this city in the Reading cars, from Wilksbarre, having in custody Jesse Whitman, a fugitive slave, whom he arrested at Wilkesbarre on Saturday last. Marshal Rosset was accompanied by Messrs. W. H. Beaumont, Jacob Cooper, and George Fell, who assisted in Whitman's capture.

Marshal Keyser having been telegraphed to meet the parties at the depot, was promptly on the spot with an efficient police force, and accompanied the U. S. officer and their charge to the Baltimore boat, on which they took passage for Maryland at two o'clock. Whitman is a large, powerful negro, and fought desperately before surrendering himself.

The matter was managed so quietly, as far as Philadelphia was concerned, that very few persons heard either of the arrival or departure of the fugitive. Some of the colored porters, wood sawyers, stevedores, and other employees along the wharves, indulged in threats, but they were overawed by the presence of the officers of the law, and made no attempt at rescue. An effort was made to detain the slave by a writ of habeas corpus, but the boat shoved off before it could be executed. *Phil. North American.*

MARRIAGES.

TAYLOR—WINSLOW.—On the 19th inst, by Friends ceremony, before the Mayor, Charles Gilpin, Franklin Taylor Esq., to Emily, only daughter of Isaac Winslow, all of this city.

DORSEY—VANDEVER.—On Fifth-day evening, the 19th inst., by Friends' ceremony, Stanton Dorsey to Margaret, daughter of William Vandeven, all of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

WEED.—In Albany James B. Weed aged 30 years.

VINCENT.—June 26th, of disease of the brain, May Vincent, youngest daughter of the late Frances S. Osgood, aged eleven years and eleven months.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of this Society will occur at Cobb's Hall, North Bridgewater, on Sunday, July 13. Meeting will commence on Saturday evening previous, at 7 1-2 o'clock.

Let the occasion be one of interest, and well worthy of the noble cause we seek to promote. The names of the speakers will be given hereafter.

BOURNE SPOONER, *President.*
H. H. BRIGHAM, *Secretary.*

WORCESTER COUNTY NORTH DIVISION.

A QUARTERLY Meeting of the Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Gardiner, on Saturday and Sunday, July 12 and 13, commencing at 2 o'clock on Saturday.

W. L. Garrison, S. S. Foster, Lucy Stone and others are expected to be present.

JOSHUA T. EVERETT, *President.*

GRAND CELEBRATION,
IN MASS MEETING, ON
INDEPENDENCE DAY.

THE Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in accordance with established usage, hereby notify the friends of impartial and universal liberty throughout the Commonwealth, that they have made arrangements for a GRAND CELEBRATION of the approaching Anniversary of American Independence, in the beautiful and spacious

GROVE AT ABINGTON,

having for its direct, appropriate and beneficient object the liberation of the millions of slaves, who, on that day, will be clanking their galling fetters and sending their cries to Heaven, in this guilty land—a land unmatched for its tyranny, and unparalleled for its hypocrisy.

☞ A special train of cars at half price for adults, will leave the Old Colony R. R. Depot, in Boston, for Abington, at half-past 8 o'clock, A. M. Also, a train will leave Plymouth for Abington, at a seasonable hour, on the same terms Return at about 5 o'clock. Passengers by the South Shore Railroad will have the same accommodation. The pic-nic plan will be adopted, as usual, but refreshments will be for sale at the Grove.

☞ Among the advocates of the cause who will undoubtedly be present are Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Charles L. Remond, Joseph Treat, of Ohio, Nathaniel H. Whiting, James N. Buffum, and others.

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston;
SAMUEL MAY, Jr. do.;
BOURNE SPOONER, of Plymouth;
THOMAS J. HUNT, of Abington;
LEWIS FORD, do.;
ELDRIDGE SPRAGUE, do.;
BRIGGS ARNOLD, do.;
SAMUEL DYER, do.;
Committee of Arrangements.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS, IN MASSACHUSETTS.

NEW SERIES.

Abington, Plymouth county Friday, July 4.

THIS CONVENTION will be the annual gathering of the abolitionists of Eastern Massachusetts on the National birth-day.

Cummington, Hampshire county, July 4.

This Convention will be held in the Village Grove, and will be attended by Charles C. Burleigh of Connecticut, and Lucy Stone.

Chester Village, Hampden county, Saturday evening and Sunday, July 5 and 6.

To be attended by Charles C. Burleigh and Lucy Stone.

Fentonville, Middlesex county, July 6

This meeting will be attended by Stephen S Foster and Parker Pillsbury; and will be held in Cox's Hall, at the usual hours of meeting, day and evening.

THE EIGHTEENTH NATIONAL
ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON, MASS., DURING THE CHRISTMAS WEEK OF 1851.

IN ADDRESSING the Friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause at the present time, and in once more seeking their aid and co-operation, the Bazaar Committee feel more deeply than ever before not only the necessity for such aid and co-operation, but an entire assurance that no representations nor arguments are needed on their part to secure both in a fuller measure than on any previous occasion.

The crime that has recently been perpetrated in our midst in the re-enslavement of an innocent man, effected as it has been by the help, connivance and sympathy of the magistrates, merchants and churches of Boston, exhibits a state of things which must supply to every heroic and conscientious person such motive for exertion as no word, however eloquent, could furnish.

Indeed, all human language seems inadequate to depict the condition of a nation such as ours. Only in the language of prophets and apostles can its guilt be made truly to appear. The fearful descriptions of apostate Israel, making 'many prayers' with hands 'full of blood,' seeking how best to unite robbery and burnt offering, may be, without fanaticism or exaggeration, strictly applied to this community and the nation of which it makes a part. Can we arrive at a more charitable judgment, when remembering that three millions of men and women, as good in the sight of God as their enslavers, their improvement, happiness and salvation as dear in His sight, are held as goods and chattels by a people professing not a mere nominal and historical Christianity, but holding, by an immense majority, to those tenets which claim and maintain the title of evangelical? It is the guilt and shame of this nation not only that it is a slaveholding one, but that at the same time it claims as its own the names Republican and Christian. The life-long misery of millions of slaves is not her chief condemnation. It is, that the light within her having become darkness, she is in reality the ally and supporter of every form of oppression, despotism and heatheuism the world over. The fact that great material prosperity exists through our whole country, and that amid a large minority the fruits of virtue and morality abound, does not invalidate this statement. We may better learn from the teachings of past History how a people corrupt as powerful affects the world's destinies than from the narrow field of mere personal experience.

In view of truths like these, we would trust that with ourselves and all co-operating with us, the spirit of labor and self-sacrifice may be increased ten-fold, so that the success of this special effort may prove in some degree commensurate with the increased perils and responsibilities of our position.

Should this appeal meet the eyes of any hitherto indifferent or opposed to Anti-Slavery principles, to such we would say, 'The Abolition of Slavery is as truly your duty as ours. If you have never felt the claims of humanity before, respond to them now. In the belief which we entertain and the action flowing therefrom, we appeal for our justification to the teachings of the New Testament, to the recorded testimony of all by-gone ages as to the value of freedom and the villany of Slavery, and finally to the secret consciousness of every human heart. You *know* that you would spurn and reject Slavery for yourself or those dear to you.—Do you not blush, then, if money or ambition, or high standing in a pro-slavery and by consequence an apostate church, shall have hitherto led you to actively aid or ignore the enslavement of others?

We turn with undoubting confidence to those friends in Europe, who have sympathized so truly with us, and have in so unwearied a manner shown their faith by their works. We are laboring for the destruction of a system which is the enemy of human nature every where, the opponent of civilization, the foe of all just government, the corrupter and uprooter of Christianity in every nation where it exists. Under these circumstances, we feel at liberty to ask the aid of all of every clime, race or creed, to whom justice, humanity and freedom are words dear and sacred. We rejoice to recognize a spirit higher and holier than any feeling of nationality, uniting all who labor together from unselfish motives for the promotion of an object noble and heroic as ours—the abolition of the vilest system of Slavery the sun ever saw, by the entire and uncompromising utterance of *the truth* alone.

ANNE WARREN WESTON,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,
HELEN E. GARRISON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
SARAH R. MAY,
CATHARINE SARGENT,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
HANNAH TUFTS,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
THANKFUL SOUTHWICK,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
MARY H. JACKSON,
ELIZABETH GAY,
CHARLOTTE S. SARGENT,
LOUISA LORING,
SARAH S. RUSSELL,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
CAROLINE WESTON,
SARAH B. SHAW,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
MARY WILLEY,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN R. BRAMHALL,
LYDIA PARKER,
MARIA LOWELL,
ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZABETH A. COTTON.

Boston, May 21, 1851.

TO THE LOVERS OF LIBERTY.

DEAR FRIENDS: Owing to a change of time for Commencement, the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will be held in this city, (Providence) on Wednesday, July 9th, (*Commencement Day*), of 1851.

Once more we make an appeal for assistance. We are more needy than ever. The calls upon us for aid, are more numerous and pressing than ever. The friends all understand full well, that our ability is proportionate to their kindness and liberality. *Without you, we can do nothing.* Accept thanks for past favors.

Since our last Annual Fair, the infamous "Fugitive Slave Act," has gone into operation. This has rendered a redoubling of effort necessary, to awaken the public conscience to succor the fugitives already with us, and to provide for those who may yet come. The blood hounds are abroad, and are scenting their prey in our free New England. Those who are set for the establishment of Justice are bowing their necks beneath the yoke of Slavery. In our very sight, as it were, by *northern men*, the shackles have been riveted upon our brother's limbs, and he has been dragged back to the most abhorrent bondage the world ever saw. That such enormities may not be committed in Rhode Island—that we may be able to succor and shelter and protect the sons of oppression, as God shall send them to us, we ask you, friends, to contribute to our Fair. Nay, it is not *we* that ask, but the defenceless, the needy, the oppressed—'tis humanity—'tis God. Listen and give—give liberally—even as if *you* were in bondage. Let every one give SOMET

Poetry.

SOMETHING WHICH THE GRASS SAYS.

EVERYWHERE, everywhere,
We are greenly growing,
Planted not by human care,
But the wild winds sowing.

Toileth still the sunbeam
To renew our brightness;
Lovingly the dew-drop rests
On our form of lightness.

All of Nature's ministrants
Aid us in our being,
But *man* deems us, in his pride,
Little worth the seeing.

Cheerily we raise our head,
But he looketh never—
Seeking for some pearl afar,
Better worth endeavor.

We would whisper—"Scorn not thus
For an idle dreaming,
Pleasures lying in thy path,
Simple though their seeming,

"By the way-side, thickly strewn,
Are their blooms revealing,
Seek,—and thou shalt find in them
Wondrous gifts of healing."

—*Pa. Freeman.* H. TOWNSEND.

THE DRESSMAKER'S THRUSH.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

OH! 'tis the brightest morning,
Out in the laughing street,
That ever the round earth flashed into
The joy of May to meet!
Floods of more gleaming sunshine
Never the eye saw rolled
Over pavement and chimney and cold gray spire,
That turns in the light to gold;
And yet, as she wearily stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing:
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

Light of the new-born verdure!
Glory of jocund May!
What gladness is out in leafy lanes!
What joy in the fields to-day!
What sun-bursts are in the woodlands!
What blossoms the orchard's throng!
The meadows are snowed with daisy stars,
And the winds are thrilled with song;
And yet, as ever she stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing:
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

Close is the court and darkened
On which her bare room looks,
Whose only wealth is its wall's one print,
And its mantle's few old books,
A spare cold bed in the corner,
Her single worn, worn chair,
And the grate that looks so rusty and dull
As never a fire were there!
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She hears her caged thrush sing:
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

Out is the gleaming sunshine!
Out is the gleaming air!
In scarce a gleam of the bright May sun
Can dulled and dim reach there!
In the darkness close and foul to be breathed,
That blanches her cheek to white,
Her rounded features sharpen and thin,
And dulls her once keen sight!
And there, as she stitches and stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing:
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

Days that are cloudy and dull,
Winter, though winter bring
Cold, keen frost to her fireless room,
Are dearer to her than spring!
For then on her weary sewing
Less often her keen thoughts come
Of the pleasant lanes and the country air
And the field-paths trod by some;
And so, as she wearily stitches,
She and her caged thrush sing:
Oh, would it never were May, green May,
It never were bright, bright Spring!

MAY.

MAY! thou month of rosy beauty!
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine—
Bosom rich, and breath divine:
Month of bees, and month of flowers;
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises;
Oh, thou merry month complete,
May!—thy very name is sweet!

May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word
Than it seems as though it heard,
And looks up and laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual color bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet! in books;
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over,
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton; May's in Prior;
May's in Chaucer, Thompson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books!
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise, and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather thou, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.

—*The Bee.* LEIGH HUNT.

SONNET.

You should not speak to think, nor think to speak;
But words and thoughts should of themselves outwell
From inner fulness; chest and heart should swell
To give them birth. Better be dumb a week
Than idly prattle; better in leisure sleek
Lie fallow-minded, than a brain compel
To wasting plenty that hath yielded well,
Or strive to crop a soil too thin and bleak.
One thought, from the deepest heart upspringing,
May from within a whole life fertilize:
One true word, like the lightning sudden gleaming,
May rend the night of a whole world of lies.
Much speech, much thought, may often be but seeming,
But in one truth might boundless ever lies.

Miscellany.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

JAPAN.

WE may as well go by the North-west Passage as by any other, on our phantom voyage to Japan. Behring Straits shall be the door by which we enter the Pacific Ocean. We are soon flitting between islands; from the American peninsula of Aliaska runs a chain of islands—the Aleutian—which lie sprinkled upon our track, like a train of crumbs dropped by some Tom Thumb among the giants, who may aforetime have been led astray, not in the wood, but on the water. If he landed on Kamtchatka, from the point of that peninsula he made a fresh start, dropping more crumbs—the Kurile Islands—till he dropped some larger pieces, and a whole slice for the main land of Japan, before he again reached the continent and landed finally on the Gorea. In sailing by these Islands, we have abundant reason to observe that they indicate main lines of volcanic action. From Behring Strait, in fact, we enter the Pacific, between two great batteries of subterranean fire. Steering for Japan, we pass, on the Kamtchatkan coast, the loftiest volcano in the old world, Kamtchatskaja (fifteen thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three feet). Following the course of the volcanic chain of Kurile Islands, of which the most northerly belong to Russia, the southern Kuriles are the first land we encounter subject to Japan. We do not go ashore here, to be sent to prison like Golownin, for we are content, at present, to remember that the natives of these islands are the hairiest among men. We sail on, too polite to outrage Japanese propriety by landing, even from a Phantom Ship, on the main island; so we sail to Kiusiu, and run into the bay of Nagasaki. The isles of Japan, calling rocks islands, are in number three thousand eight hundred and fifty. The main island, Nippon, is larger than Ireland, and is important enough to have been justly called the England of the Pacific Ocean.

Only there is a mighty difference between this England, talking about liberty, or cherishing free trade, and that Dai Nippon; in which not a soul does as he pleases, and from which the commerce of the whole world is shut out. Dai (or great) Nippon is the name of the whole State, which the Chinese modify into Jih-pun, and which we have further altered to Japan. On Kiusiu, a large southern island, Nagasaki is the only port into which, on any possible excuse, a foreign vessel is allowed to enter. This port we are now approaching; the dark rocks of the coast line are reflected from a brilliant sea; we pass a mountain island, cultivated to the very summit, terrace above terrace; green hills invite us to our haven, and blue mountains in the distance tempt us to an onward journey. There are white houses shining among cedars; there are pointed temple roofs; boats with their sails up make the water near us lively; surely we shall like Japan. We enter the bay now, and approach Nagasaki, between fruitful hills and temple groves, steeps clothed with evergreen oak, cedars and laurels; picturesque rocks, attacked by man, and wheedled out of practicable ground for corn and cabbages. There is Nagasaki on a hill side, regularly built, every house peeping from its little nest of greens; and there is the Dutch factory, named Dezima. Zima in Japanese means "island," for this factory is built upon an island. No Europeans but the Dutch; no Dutch except these managers of trade who are locked up in Dezima, may traffic with Japan; and these may traffic to the extent only of two ships yearly, subject to all manner of restrictions. As for the resident Dutch, they are locked up in Dezima, which is an island made on purpose for them. As if three thousand eight hundred and fifty were not enough, another little island, fan-shaped, was built up out of the sea a few yards from the shore of Nagasaki. There the Dutchmen live; a bridge connects their island with the mainland, but a high gate and a guard of soldiers prevent all unseasonable rambles. In another part of the town there is a factory allowed to the Chinese. Other strangers entering this port are treated courteously, are supplied gratuitously with such necessaries as they want, but are on no account allowed to see the town, still less to penetrate into the country, and are required to be gone about their business as soon as possible. Strangers attempting entry at any other port belonging to Japan, are without ceremony fired upon as enemies. The admitted Dutch traders are rigorously searched: everything betraying Christianity is locked up; money and arms are removed, and hostages are taken. Every man undergoes personnal scrutiny. The Dutch are allowed no money. The Japanese authorities manage all sales for them; pay the minutest items of expenditure, and charge it on the profits of their trade, which are then placed on the return vessel, not in money, but in goods. The Japanese deal justly, even generously, in their way; but it is their way to allow the foreigners no money power. They restrict their exports almost wholly to camphor and copper, and allow no native workmanship to go abroad. Yet among themselves, as between one island and another, commerce is encouraged to the utmost. The Japanese territories range in the temperate zone through a good many degrees, and include all shades of climate between that of Liverpool and that of Constantinople. Between island and island, therefore, busy interchange takes place by means of junks, like these which now surround us in the Nagasaki harbor. You can observe how weak they look about the sterns, with rudders insecure. The law compels them to be so; for that is an acute device by which they are prevented from travelling too far; they dare not trust themselves too boldly to the mercy of the sea, and as it is, many wrecked men accuse the prudence of their lawgivers. But life is cheap; the population of Japan is probably near thirty millions—and who should care for a few dozen mariners?

If you please, we will now walk up into Nagasaki, with our phantom cloaks about us. Being in a region visited by earthquakes, of course we find the houses of one story lightly built; they are built here of wood and clay with chopped straw—coated over, like our town suburban villas, with cement. Paper, instead of glass, for window panes, Venitian blinds, and around each house a verandah, we observe at once. But our attention is attracted from the houses to the people. How very awkwardly they slip along! With so much energy and vigor in their faces, how is it that they never thought of putting reasonable shoes upon their feet? They wear instead of shoes mere soles of wood or matting, held to the foot each by a peg which runs between the great toe and its neighbor, through a hole made for that purpose in the sock. These clouts they put away on entering a house, as we should put away umbrellas, and wear only socks in-doors. Nevertheless the people here look handsome in their loose, wide gowns, bound by a girdle round the waist, with long sleeves, of which, by the bye, you may perceive that the dependent ends are Japanese coat-pockets. Thence you see yonder gentleman drawing his nose-paper—one of the little squares of clean white paper always ready in the sleeve-pocket to serve the purpose of our handkerchief. That little square when used is, you see, thrown away; but if the gentleman were in a house he would return it to his pocket, to be got rid of in a more convenient place. The women's robes are like those of the men in form, but richer in material, more various with gold and color. As to the head equipment, we observe, however, a great difference between the sexes. The men shave their own heads, leaving hair only at the back part and upon the temples, which they gather forward, and tie up into a tuft. The women keep their entire crop of hair standing, and they make the most of it; they spread it out into a turban, and stick through it not a few pieces of polished tortoiseshell, as big as office-rulers.* Inviting admiration, the young beauty of Japan paints her face red and white, and puts a purple stain upon her lips; but the remaining touches are forbidden to a damsel till her heart is lost. The swain who seeks to marry her, fixes outside her father's house a certain shrub; if this be taken in-doors by the family, his suit he knows to be accepted; and when next he gets a peep at his beloved, he watches with a palpitating heart the movement of her lips, to see whether her teeth be blackened; for by blackened teeth she manifests the reciprocal affection. Only after marriage, however, is the lady glorified with a permission not only to have black teeth, but also to pull out her eyebrows.

Those are not little beggars yonder trotting by that lady who is so magnificently dressed; they are her children. The children of the Japanese are all dressed meanly, upon moral grounds. Notice those gentlemen who bow to one another; the ends of a scarf worn by each of them exactly meet the ground, yet one bows lower than another, and they go on walking in the bowed position until each has lost the other from his sight. Those scarfs are regulated by the law; each man must bow so that his scarf shall touch the ground, and it is so made long or short, that he may humble himself more or less profoundly in exact accordance with his rank.

Of rank there are eight classes after the Mikado and the Ziogoon, whom we shall come to visit in our travels presently. There are, one, the princes; two, the nobles, who owe feudal service to the prince, or the empire; three, the priests; and four, the soldiers; these four form the higher orders, and enjoy the privilege of wearing two swords and petticoat trousers. Class five counts as respectable; inferior officials and doctors constitute this class, and wear one sword with the trousers. Merchants and respectable tradesmen form class six, whose legs may not pollute the trousers, though, by entering themselves as domestics to a man of rank, they may enjoy the privilege of carrying one sword. These are the only people by whom wealth can be accumulated. Class seven—artists, artisans, and petty shopkeepers. Class eight—day laborers and peasants. Tradesmen who work on leather, tanners, &c., are excluded from classification. They are defiled, and may not even live with other men; they live in villages of their own, so thoroughly unrecognized, that Japanese authority, in measuring the miles along a road, breaks off at the entrance of a currier's village, leaves it excluded from his measurement, which is resumed upon the other side. So, if we travel post, we get through leather-sellers' villages for nothing.

These houses in Nagasaki, which at a distance looked so much like mansions, are the store-rooms wherein tradesmen keep their valuable stock, and families their valuable furniture. For desolating fires are common in the towns and cities of Japan; so common that almost every house is prudently provided with a fire-proof store-room, having copper shutters to the windows, and the walls covered a foot thick with clay. Attached to each is a large vessel of liquid mud, with which the whole building is smeared on an alarm of fire; and this method of fire-insurance is exceedingly effective, where there is nothing like a Sun or Atlas Company to fall upon, and the most abstemious of fires eats up, at any rate, a street.

That door is open, and there is no horse-shoe over it—there's not an iron horse-shoe in Japan—so two ghosts slip into the house unperceived. First, here is a portico for palanquins, shoes, and umbrellas; into this the kitchens open. In the back apartments we shall find the family. We walk into the drawing-room, and there the master sits. It is most fortunate that we are now invisible; for, did we visit in the flesh, we should be teased by the necessities of Japanese civility. That gentleman would sit upon his heels before us; we should sit on our heels before him; we should then all bow our heads as low as possible. Then we should make compliments to one another, the answer to each being "*He, he he!*" Then pipes and tea would be brought in; after this we might begin to talk. Before we left we should receive sweetmeats on a sheet of white paper, in which it would be our duty to fold up whatever we did not eat, and put it in our pockets. Eat what you like, and pocket what remains, is Japanese good-breeding. At a dinner-party the servant of each guest brings baskets, that he may take away his master's portion of the feast. This master, however, is unconscious of our shadowy appearance, and continues busy with his book. It is Laplace, translated into Japanese, through Dutch. The Japanese are thoroughly alive to the advanced state of European science, and on those fixed occasions when the Dutchmen from the factory visit the capital, the Dutch physician is invariably visited by the native physicians, naturalists, and astronomers, who display on their own parts wonderful acumen, and most dexterously pump for European knowledge. Scientific books in the Dutch language they translate and publish into Japanese. The country has not been shut up out of contempt for foreigners, and native men of science have so diligently profited by opportunities afforded from without, that they construct by their own artificers, barometers, telescopes, make their own almanacks, and calculate their own eclipses. Hovering about this gentleman, our eyes detect at once that the impression on his page is taken from a woodcut imitation of hand-writing; moveable types are not yet introduced into Japan. The writing, like Chinese, is up and down the page, and not across it. Three or four different characters seem to be used indiscriminately, and some of them are certainly Chinese. The good folks of Dai Nippon are indebted to the Chinese for the first strong impulse to their civilization; not being themselves of Chinese origin, but a distinct branch of the Mongolian family. Their language is quite different, and has exceedingly long words, instead of being built up, like Chinese, of monosyllables. Japanese written in Chinese character is understood by any Chinaman; but so would English be, since Chinese writing represents ideas. So, if a Spaniard writes five, an Englishman reads it as "five," and understands correctly, yet the Spaniard would tell you that he wrote not "five," but "cinco."

Hovering still about this gentleman, and beguiled, by the strangeness of all things we see, into a curiosity like that of children, we admire his sword. The hilt is very beautiful, composed of various metals blended into a fine enamel. This enamel is used in Japan where Europeans would use jewels, because the art of cutting precious stones is not known to the Japenese. For the blade of this sword it is not impossible that a sum has been given not unlike a hundred pounds; the tempering of stell is carried to perfection in Japan, where gentlemen are connoisseurs in sword-blades. Young nobles lend their maiden swords to the executioner (who is always chosen from the defiled leather-selling race) that they may be tried upon real flesh and blood; as executions in Japan are generally cruel, and some criminals are hacked to death, rather than killed outright, the swords on such occasions are refreshed with a fair taste of blood. The mats upon the floor are the next things we notice; a thick matting of straw forms a substratum, over which are spread the fine mats, elegantly fringed. To see that lacquered work inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which we familiarly call Japan, in its perfection, we must evidently visit it at home. Anything of the kind so exquisitely beautiful as this little table, is not to be found in Europe. Whatever trinkets pass out of these islands into Europe, do so *nayboen*,—that is, with secret connivance,—but the first-rate manufactures are in no way suffered to come to us. Without *nayboen*, life would be insupportable in a minute wilderness of ruies and customs. People even die *nayboen*; that is, a man lies unburied, and is said to be alive, when his death otherwise would lead to disagreeable results. Here, as elsewhere, when rules are made intolerably strict, evasion is habitual. The amount that cannot be evaded is astonishing enough, as we shall see ere we return to England; now we are in the house of this gentleman at Nagasaki. His wife enters, and by their mutual behaviour, it is evident that ladies in Japan are to their husbands very much what ladies are in England. This lady passes to the garden; the room ends with a projecting angle open to the garden on each side, a sort of bay, which every house has; and if there be no more ground than just the supplementary triangles on each side to complete the square, still there is always that; and that is always quite enough, for want of more. It is enough to spend a fortune upon, in dwarf trees and vegetable curiosities. The Japanese shine like the Chinese in monstrosities. They can dwarf trees so well, that in a little box four inches square, President Meylan saw growing, a fir, a bamboo, and a plum-tree, in full blossom. Or they hypertrophy plants if they please, until a radish is produced as large as a boy six years old. Their gardens, however small, are always laid out in landscape style, and each is adorned with a temple, not a mere ornamental summer-house, but the real shrine of a household god. Into this garden walks the lady, and returns with a few flowers. She takes these to an elegant shelf fixed in a recess of the apartment, upon which a bouquet stands, and is engaged upon her nosegay. An act of taste! O dear, no; every drawing-room in Japan has such a shelf with flowers placed upon it; every lady entering who found her husband there, and meant to talk with him, would in the first place make the nosegay talk, and say, "The wife and husband are alone together." If company arrive, the flowers must be otherwise adjusted; the position of every flower, and even of green leaves, in that bouquet, is fixed by custom, which is law, to vary with the use to which the room is put. One of the most difficult and necessary parts of female education in Japan, is to acquire a perfect knowledge of the rules laid down in a large book on the arrangement of the drawing-room nosegay, in a manner suitable to every case. It is the Japanese "Use of the globes" to ladies' schools. To boys and girls, after reading and writing, which are taught (hear, England!) to the meanest Japanese, the most necessary part of education is an elaborate training in the ceremonial rules of life. Bows proper for every occasion, elegant kotoos, the whole science and practice of good-breeding, have to be learned through many tedious years. To boys there is given special training in the hara-kiri, or the art of ripping one's self up. Many occasions present themselves on which it as much concerns the honor of a Japanese to cut himself open, as it concerned an Englishman some years ago to fire a pistol at his friend. The occasions are so frequent, that a Japanese boys' school would be incomplete in which instruction was not given in this art of suicide. Boys practice all the details in dramatic fashion, and in after life, if a day come when disgrace, caused often by the deeds of other men, appears inevitable, he appoints a day, and according to the exigencies of the case, before his family or his assembled connection, ceremoniously cuts open his own belly at a solemn dinner. Dying in this way, he is said to have died in the course of nature; dying before shame came to him, he is said to have died undisgraced, and so has saved his family from that participation in his fall, which otherwise was imminent. Now we must leave this house, in which perhaps we have spent a little too much time; yet in the whole time we did not once hear the squalling of a baby, though a baby was there certainly. If this should meet the eye of Mr. Meek, he is informed that in Japan, children, until they are three years old, are not allowed to wear anything tight about their persons.

Now we are once more in the streets of Nagasaki, and observe, that for a gentleman to turn his back upon a friend, is true politeness, in this most original of lands. It signifies that he who so turns is unworthy to behold the face, &c. A bridal procession passes us; the bride in her long white veil. There is a touch of poetry connected with that veil; it literally is the shroud in which she will be buried.

We are out of town now, and delighting in the open country. Exquisite views of hill, and dale, and wood, and water, tempt the sight. Rice fields, of course, we pass; rice is a staple article of diet to the Japanese, as to so many other millions of the human race. It is the vegetable food that finds its way into more mouths than any other. There is wheat, also, in Japan, used chiefly for making cakes and soy; barley for feeding cattle. The cattle being used as beasts of draught and burden, it is thought improper to kill them, or to deprive the young calves of their milk; the Japanese, therefore, refrain from milk and beef. They eat great quantities of fish, poultry, and venison. In the country gardens we see quinces, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, oranges, and citrons too; bean-fields abound, and farms, of which the hedges are all tea. Where soil and climate favor, many a hill-side, in Japan, is cultivated as a tea plantation; but beyond this, the tea plant is used by the farmers generally as a hedge, from which they gather their own leaves, and dry tea for home use, just as our farmers brew their own October beer. Now we are flitting under cedar groves, now under firs, now under mulberry plantations for the silk-worm; every good point in the landscape is occupied by a temple, which is composed of one large edifice and many little ones; the little ones are used by pleasure parties. There is a snake, and there you see in the tree a long-tailed monkey (*Innus speciosus*); there is no other kind of monkey in these islands, and the snakes are all of species found nowhere else. The tree frog and the eatable frog live in the north of Nippon. Here we have squirrels. There are no lions and tigers; there is not a single animal of the cat tribe known upon these islands; you can meet with nothing worse than a wild boar. Great pains are taken to destroy the foxes. Here are pheasants without game laws, and the peacock yonder looks as if he felt himself at home. Several palanquins have passed us on the road, varying much in shape and minor details. The shape of the palanquin, the length of the poles, their position, the way in which they are held, and the number of holders, are all fixed so as to accord precisely with the rank of the good gentleman inside. The number of attendants in the train, even of an inconsiderable man, is startling; and as for a prince, he might be setting out to conquer China. The roads are good, and there is no lack of horse men, but we have not seen draught carriages; perhaps these hills are an impediment to travelling by such conveyance; roads over hills and mountains being simply flights of steps.

Hollo! What couple scampers by in such a hurry? 'Tis the post: the greatest princes must put by their etiquette, and get out of its way. One man runs with the letters, and another keeps pace with him to supply his place in case of illness or accident; if both posts fail, the nearest man, whatever be his dignity, must do their work for them. These posts are never horsed; but each pair, at the conclusion of a stage, finds the next couple waiting to catch the important bundle thrown to them, and set off instantly, before the spent runners have reached the spot where they may halt and get their wind again. Goods are conveyed on pack-horses or oxen over land; but water transit by lakes, rivers, or canals, is much more common. The roads are well swept for the farmers on each side diligently scrape up all manure; and as men with brooms clear the way before a traveller of rank, the highway is kept in a very neat condition. Men selling straw clouts for travellers, and straw shoes for the horses, which require, of course, frequent renewal, pick up a living by the roadside, and we pass them frequently. Observe that mighty camphor-tree, which every traveller has mentioned. To Kæmpfer it was venerable for its age in the year 1691; still it is healthy, and so large that fifteen men can stand within its hollow. Hot springs, of course, we pass in a volcanic country. There is a coal-mine also here, though charcoal is the fuel usually burned.

We have now crossed Kiusiu, and reached the seaport of Kokura, where we find our Phantom Ship in readiness to take us through a sea covered with islets, to the large island of Nippon. We shall disembark, and travel very rapidly through Ohosaka to Miyako, where the divine Mikado holds his court. We pass some strange-looking men covered with matting, each of whom has in his hand a long wooden spoon. The spoon is their cockle-shell, for they are pilgrims travelling in the most pious form, as beggars, to the shrine of their own goddess. This pilgrimage is made by all good Japanese—the oftener the better, especially as they grow old, because they get each time full absolution from the priests for their past sins.

The sun goddess and the Mikado are allied together; and as we now are journeying towards a seat of government, we can do nothing better than discuss the Japanese religion. It begins with an Oriental "once upon a time," of gods who reigned for a few millions of years apiece, above whom there was, and is, and ever will be, one supreme God, free from care. The last of seven royal gods said to his wife one day, "There's earth somewhere, I'm sure!" and so he poked about with his spear in the water, feeling for it. Drops falling from his spear-point made the islands of Japan. Then this god made eight millions of other gods, and also created the ten thousand things. Having ordered matters to his satisfaction, he made a present of his Japanese earth to his pet daughter, the sun goddess. The sun goddess reigned only two hundred and fifty thousand years, and her four successors filled the next two million; the last of the four, being the great-great-grandson of the sun goddess, fancied a mortal life, and left a mortal boy, who reigned on earth, and was the first Mikado; from him all Mikados are descended. This is the native Japanese religion, called Sintoo; worshipping the sun goddes, and *Kami*, which are minor gods, or saints. The Sintoos bow before no images, but put as emblems in their temples a sheet of white paper and a mirror, to denote the soul pure and incapable of stain. The worshipper kneels, gazes at the mirror, offers sacrifice of fruit or rice, deposits money, and retires. Upon this creed Buddhism has been grafted; but the religion of the learned Japanese is Sintoo—a philosophic moral doctrine which they cherish secretly, while outwardly observing rites prescribed by custom.

But *revenons a nos Mikados:* the first Mikado, though of fabulous descent, is an historical person, Zin-mu-ten woo, and with him Japanese history begins—at a period from whence we date rational annals in some other countries, about 660 B. C. We will note those points of history that are essential to a comprehension of the present government. Mikados followed each other, sole rulers and powerful, until they fell into a trick of abdicating in favor of their children, and then doing the duty without being annoyed by the ceremonies of their office. That had its inconvenient results, for presently came one Mikado who married the daughter of a powerful papa: and when the time came for retirement, and he had abdicted in favor of a son three years old, the powerful papa thrust him aside into a prison, and usurped the regency. A civil war was the result of this; Yoritomo leaped up as champion of the imprisoned man, so recently a king, released him, and restored him to the regency over his infant son. For this essential service good Yoritomo was made a sort of field-marshal, or Ziogoon. The ex-Mikado dying, left Yoritomo the guardian of his son; and so for twenty years the Ziogoon was regent. Infant Mikados still continuing to be the fashion, regency became hereditary to the Ziogoons; and these last being men, it eventually came to pass that the Mikad was stripped of all power, and converted into a magnificent doll, while the real court was transferred to Jeddo, where the Ziogoons reside. Retributive justice we shall meet with in a little while, but we have now reached Miyako, the Mikado's residence, and nominally still the capital of Nippon.

Poor Mikado, what a miserable honor he must think it is to be divine! He represents the sun goddess on earth, and is required to sit upon his throne quite still, and without moving his head for several hours every day, lest the whole earth should be unsteady. When not sitting, he must leave his crown upon the throne to keep watch in his absence. Being so very holy, he is deprived of all use of his legs; earth is not worthy of his tread. His nails and hair are never cut—for who may mutilate a god? Every article of dress that he puts on must be bran new; his plates, and cups, and dishes, everything he touches at a meal—even the kitchen utensils used in cooking for him—must not be used twice, and of course no profane man may employ what has been sanctified by the Mikado's use. Whatever clothes he puts off are immediately burned; his pots and vessels are destroyed. This hourly waste being a heavy pull on the finances of the Ziogoon, the divine victim gets only the coarsest slops to dress in, and eats off the cheapest crockery. No wonder that he still keeps up the fashion of resigning. His palace is circumscribed with palisades, and an officer residing without the gate spies all his actions, and reports them to the Ziogoon. Still the poor fellow is divine. The gods, it is believed, all spend a month at his place, during which month they are not at home in their own temples, and worship is accordingly suspended. The Mikado grants religious titles, fixes feasts and fasts, and settles doctrinal disputes. Thus there arose once schism in Japan about the color of the devil. Four factions respectively declared him to be black, white, red, and green. The theologic knot was given to the Mikado that day to unravel, who, knowing the obstinacy of theologians well, declared all parties to be right; and so the devil of Japan remains to this day a four-colored monster. Offices of State in the Mikado's court—the Dairi it is called—are above all in honor, objects of ambition even to the Ziogoon. The dwellers in the Dairi with the holy prisoner, both male and female, are the most refined and cultivated Japanese. From their ranks are supplied the poets of the land, who sing the beauties of the rapid Oyewaga, or legends of the snow-capped Foesi.

Miyako is the classic ground, the Athens, of Japan. But we must go on to the Japanese London, Jeddo, the real capital, a grand metropolis, with about one million, six hundred thousand inhabitants. Of course there is a wilderness of suburb; there are endless streets; there is a river through the town which flows into the bay, from which this capital is not far distant. There are bridges; there is a vast multitude of people thronging to and fro; there are shops signs, inscriptions. We will walk into a theatre: for here, as in the days of Æschylus, performances take place by day. There is a pit, and there are tiers of elegant seats, which answer to our boxes; the scenery and dresses are handsome, only in scene painting there is no perspective. As in the early European drama, the subjects illustrated are the deeds of gods and heroes: not more than two speakers occupy the scene at once; boys act the female characters. Several pieces are performed, each piece divided into acts, and the plan is to give after Act I. of the first play. Act I. of the second, and then to begin the third, before taking the series of second acts. As each actor in each piece plays also several parts, one might consider this arrangement to be rather puzzling. Gentlemen go out after the act of any piece they wish to hear, and attend to other matters till the next act of the same piece shall come on: but ladies sit with pleasure through the whole. Dear souls! they steal a march upon our feminine box ornaments; for they bring with them a collection of dresses to the play, slip out during each pause to change their clothes, and reappear, to catch the admiration of beholders, every time in a new costume.

The palace of the Ziogoon covers much ground, being in fact a rural scene—a palace and a park, locked up within the town. As for the Ziogoon, he also is locked up within his trenches. To understand how he is fettered, and, at the same time, how all the people of Japan have come to be locked up, we must pursue our little thread of history. Yoritomo established, as we said, the power of the Ziogoons, which flourished for a long time. Kublah Khan endeavored to make Nippon subject to him; but without success, winds and waves fighting with the Japanese. Mongolians were forbidden, then to touch Japanese ground, but a century later friendly relations were restored with China. In 1543, two Portuguese, Antonia Mota and Francesco Zeimoto, landed in Japan, exciting great interest among a mercantile people, trading at that time, it is said, with sixteen foreign nations. The Portuguese taught new arts, they brought new wares, and they were welcomed eagerly; some of them settled, and were married in Japan. The Jesuits came, too, with Christianity, and their preaching was abundantly successful. Now, it so happened, that about the same time, when the Portuguese first arrived, a civil war was waged between two brothers, for the dignity of Ziogoon. Both brothers perished in this war, and then the vassal princes fought over the fallen bone. Nobunaga, the most powerful of these, was aided by a person of obscure birth, named Hide-yosi. Nobunaga became Ziogoon, favored the Christians, and invested Hideyosi with high military rank. An usurper murdered Nobunaga, was then himself murdered, and left vacant a seat which Hideyosi was now strong enough to seize. He took the name of Tayko, and is the great hero of the annals of Japan. He it was who continued the robbery of the Mikado's power, and secured himself against revolt by establishing a system of check over the princes, which prevails to this day. He left a son bearing the name of Hide-yosi, six years old, and to secure his power, married him to the daughter of Jyeyas played the usurper, of course, and a large faction supported the young Hide-posi, whom he had sworn to guard. The boy was Christian at heart; his cause, also, was just; the Jesuits, therefor, and the great body of the Christians, warmly took his part. Had he maintained his right successfully, Christianity would have become the state religion in Japan. Jyeyas conquered, and the Christians, persecuted, afterwards rebelling, they were rooted out—regarded as a sect politically hostile. Their rebellion broke loose in the principality of Arima; the Prince of Arima drove the insurgents, seventy thousand in number, to the peninsula of Simabara, where they stood at bay. Since they were not to be dislodged, the Dutch, then settled at Firato, were desired to aid the government: accordingly they sent a man-of-war, which fired upon the Christians and sealed their fate. To this service the Dutch were indebted for their permission to retain one factory. All other Christians were destroyed or expelled, and since those days every stranger has been required, exempting the Dutch factory, to trample on an image of the Saviour, as an evidence of his not being a Christian interloper.

To finish our history, we must record that Jyeyas, having established his own usurpation, completed the reduction of the Mikado to a state of helpessness; completed the fettering of the princess, and the protective system of espial; and being deified, on death under the name of Gongen, was the founder of the Gongen dynasty of Ziogoons, which still rules in Japan, and still adheres to the protective system. But in course of time the power of the Ziogoons has waned; the Ziogoon himself is now a puppet to his council, which is governed by a president, who by no means is able to do what he likes.

Let us now see how all the Japanesese are tied and bound, and kept in profound peace. In the first place, nearly half the population are officials in pay, and the whole empire is sprinkled thickly with spies, some public and official, who may intrude where they please, others concealed and not acknowledged, although paid, by government. Furthermore, every householder is required to watch the actions of five of his immediate neighbhors, and keep a sharp eye upon movements opposite. Every prince is assisted in his government by two secretaries, whom the court appoints, one to reside with him, and the other to reside at Jeddo. These take every act of government out of his hands. The secretary, who lives with him, watches him, and acts upon instructions from the secretary who resides at Jeddo, who again is prompted by the council. Not only does the prince live surrounded by a mob of unknown spies, but he is obliged, every alternate year, to leave his principality and to reside at Jeddo; his wife and family are always kept at Jeddo in the character of hostages. Furthermore, pains are taken to prevent a prince from being rich. He is required at Jeddo to impoverish himself by displays of pomp; and if his purse be long, the Ziogoon invites himself to dinner with him; an honor great enough to ruin any noble in Japan. Similar checks are upon all governors of towns and all officials. Any neglect reported by a spy, any infraction of a rule, threatens disgrace, and makes it necessary to perform the act of suicide before described. So it was not without cause that they were taught at school the hara-kiri. Perhaps you think the council is omnipotent. Far from it. The council may, indeed, make any law, which will be submitted by the president for sanction to the Ziogoon. Then, should the Ziogoon refuse his signature, and differ in his opinion from the council, if he blame the law, the question is submitted to the Ziogoon's three next of kin, and they are umpires. If these decide against the Ziogoon, he is deposed immediately; if they decide against the council, then its president and members must rip themselves up.

Yet still this tyranny of custom, which would seem to be so burdensome to all, goes on, because all are so bound that none can begin to stir. The Japanese, as we have partly been able to see, are an acute race—they have original and thinking minds; with a dash of Asiatic fierceness, they are generous, joyous, sympathetic. They love picnic parties and music, with a buffoon; who first encourages them to throw off restraint, to laugh and riot in good-nature; and, assuming then his second office, draws himself up demurely, to give all a lesson in politeness. The buffoons who go for hire to promote mirth with a pleasure-party, go also as masters of the ceremonies. The treatment of Golowin, as a prisoner, will also illustrate the nature of the Japanese. In moving from one prison to another, he walked, bound so tightly with thin cords that they cut wounds into his flesh. These wounds the soldiers dressed every evening, but did not slacken any string; they said that he was fettered in the customary way. Yet these men willingly would take him on their backs, to carry him, when he was footsore; people in the villages were gladly suffered to show sympathy by feeding him with pleasant things as he passed through; and when he had made efforts to escape; which, if successful, would have entailed hara-kiri on his guards; they still showed no abatement of good-nature.

Under the main bridge of Jeddo lies our Phantom Ship, and from the heart of that great city of the East we float out to the sea. It does not take us long to get to Tower Stairs;—and now a Phantom Cab will take you home.—*Household Words.*

* Hats are not used by either sex except in rainy weather, but every Japanese carries a fan; even the beggar yonder holds his fan to that young lady, whereupon she drops her charitable gift.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——AN aged Quakeress, the other afternoon, says a London paper, was seen intently gazing upon a piece of brocaded silk, displayed in a linendraper's shop in Fleet street. A passer-by observed, that it was *Satin* tempting Eve.

——NEW PADDLE-WHEEL STEAMER.—Mr. J. L. Stevens has in the Exhibition the model of a paddle-wheel steamer, the properties of which, he contends, are such that a vessel of large proportions would make the run across the Atlantic in two or three days less than the time now occupied.—*United Service Gazette.*

——TOBACCO.—Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I. of England wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled "Miso-capnos." Some years later, Pope Urban VIII. excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorsed the beadles to confiscate the snuff boxes to their own use. Amurath IV. forbade the use of snuff, under pain of having the nose cut off. —*Fraser's Magazine.*

——SINGULAR CENSUS RETURN.—One of the constabulary enumerators (who, in common with all others upon whose shoulders the task of filling the census has been laid, complains that they are hardly worked and badly paid) was much amused the other day by the return which a very eccentric and proverbially social inhabitant of the village of Whitehouse, two and a half miles from Belfast, had made under the column "Deaf and Dumb." The household of the statist consists merely of his wife and himself, and their differences of opinion upon matters of domestic economy are locally celebrated. The return (in the handwriting of the head of the house) was this:—"Husband, not deaf—wish to the Lord he was. Wife, not dumb—wish ditto ditto."—*Belfast News Letter.*

——A CHEAP DISH.—About the middle of last summer, at Krueznach near the Rhine, we partook plentifully of a certain dish, at a table *d'hote*. It was delicious; some titled English travellers were present, who seemed to be equally charmed. Curiosity was awakened. What could it be? The German gentleman-in-waiting, napkin in hand, was despatched on a special mission to the *chef de cuisine* to know what he had been eating. After remaining some five minutes in suspense, the receipt was revealed. It was a dish of pen-sheels, stewed in butter, with a sprinkling of savory herbs. Pen